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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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TRB

from Washington
September 18, 1976

High Stakes

I don't think the public realizes yet what's ahead of it in the Ford-Carter debates. The outrageously long 1976 campaign has dragged on for nine months, benumbing the nation to near-stupefaction. Neither candidate has turned voters on despite all the efforts of the media. Estimates are that half the voters wouldn't vote if the election came tomorrow. The Gallup poll says 52 percent would take a chance on Jimmy Carter, the Stranger, compared to 37 percent for President Ford, plodding and likeable. That could change with a bang, however, after the first debate.

That's what happened in the Kennedy-Nixon show in 1960. The election I thought was decided in a 10-second interval in the first debate—not when anybody was saying anything but when the camera turned on Richard Nixon and caught him listening to Kennedy, wetting his lips nervously, jowls sweating, and apparently near collapse. It was a brutal exposure.

It happened again in the fourth debate when one of the panel of reporters somehow raised the fact that Harry Truman had uttered the awful word "hell" right in public and Kennedy smilingly responded that he couldn't control Truman's language and that probably nobody else could except maybe Mrs. Truman. Nixon unwisely tried to strike a moral pose about bad language in politics and again the camera cut in to Kennedy. His calm, cool, Irish patrician face broke into a smile that conveyed relaxed derision and contempt. In 10 seconds an audience of 75 million or so, representing two-thirds of America's population, learned a lot about young Mr. Kennedy's identity, guessed at Nixon's, and felt its emotions rise. Nixon led Kennedy in the Gallup poll before the debates, 50 percent to 44 percent, but the election result was Nixon 49.5, to Kennedy 49.7—a small popular margin of 120,000 out of nearly 69 million! The debates did it.

The debates changed the character of the campaign 16 years ago and will do so again now. They are going to pump adrenalin into the battle. It seems to be taken for granted that Carter has the verbal advantage. I am not at all certain. Mr. Ford graduated from Yale Law School in the top third of his class, practiced debating 25 years in the House and was minority leader nine years. Last January I watched him put on a remarkable performance in the annual budget seminar for the press and TV in the big State Department auditorium. Cabinet members lined up beside him as his aides passed out pounds of documents, and staff members were ready to supply answers if he faltered. But he knew his stuff.

Mr. Ford is a plodding speaker (with the single exception of that Acceptance Speech at Kansas City which he had practiced for days) but he holds his own in general debate. We have seen Jimmy Carter once or twice on panels in primary contests with other Democrats where he didn't distinguish himself, and we heard him speak here the other day before the chiefs of the AFL-CIO. His delivery is poor; he mumbles; he swallows his words; it's hard to understand him sometimes on radio or TV. It's not a Southern accent, it's his articulation. The speech here was a good one—the prepared text that is—dealing with basic economic differences with the Ford administration, which are deep and vital. The election should turn on these differences. The text was without eloquence, humor or memorable phrases but there were sentences in it that we could imagine Franklin Roosevelt, with a lift of his chin and that tremendous way of his, belting right out of the ball park.

Carter had an eager audience; it is hard to think of a more committed one, and George Meany, bald, elderly, in dark framed glasses, promised him the support of Labor's political adjunct, COPE, which he called "the best political machine in the country." It was the moment for a stem-winder of a speech but it didn't come, particularly as the candidate didn't follow text. He lapsed back into his pre-convention style of sequential generalities, delivered with love and compassion, and in a kind of falling cadence. The tough labor barons looked at each other inquiringly.

The first debate comes September 23, dealing with domestic affairs. It would seem made to order for Jimmy Carter. By a coincidence it was just two years ago that the newly installed President, one of the most conservative in modern times, was making his big choice of fighting inflation by cutting back the economy. Two years ago representatives of the poor, the aged, the handicapped, minority groups and consumer were holding a pre-"Summit" meeting, September 19-20, here with administration leaders to discuss the worsening situation.

Delegates charged that the new administration planned to undertake fiscal restraint by making cutbacks in HEW's social service programs. Why should the poor make the greatest sacrifices? they demanded. Mr. Ford's economic adviser, Alan Greenspan, patiently explained. "Everybody is hurt by inflation. If you really want to examine percentage-wise who was hurt most in their income, it was Wall Street brokers."

Catcalls drowned out his remarks.

Mr. Ford was a brand new President and can be excused in part for following poor advice. But he had picked, or kept on, the advisers, whose conservative instincts reinforced his own. Very soon he reversed his position (but retaining his advisers) and instead of asking for a five percent surtax and a slash of government expenditures (not military) he was demanding stimulative tax cuts that liberal academic economists like Walter Heller, James Tobin and Otto Eckstein had urged from the start. "The hurry-up tax cut process in early 1975," recalls Heller, "was the occasion for one of those exercises in political irony to which the US system of divided powers lends itself."

In short a by-now-thoroughly-alarmed President berated the legislature for not acting faster in reversing the course he had just urged. "These charges were directed at a Democratic Congress that had been virtually hooted down for its timely efforts to mount a modest fiscal offensive against the gathering forces of recession in 1974," Heller said.

Wonder if Jimmy Carter will recall this odd anniversary next week, as Mr. Ford arrives for the debate on domestic affairs with his 55 vetoes in his pocket?

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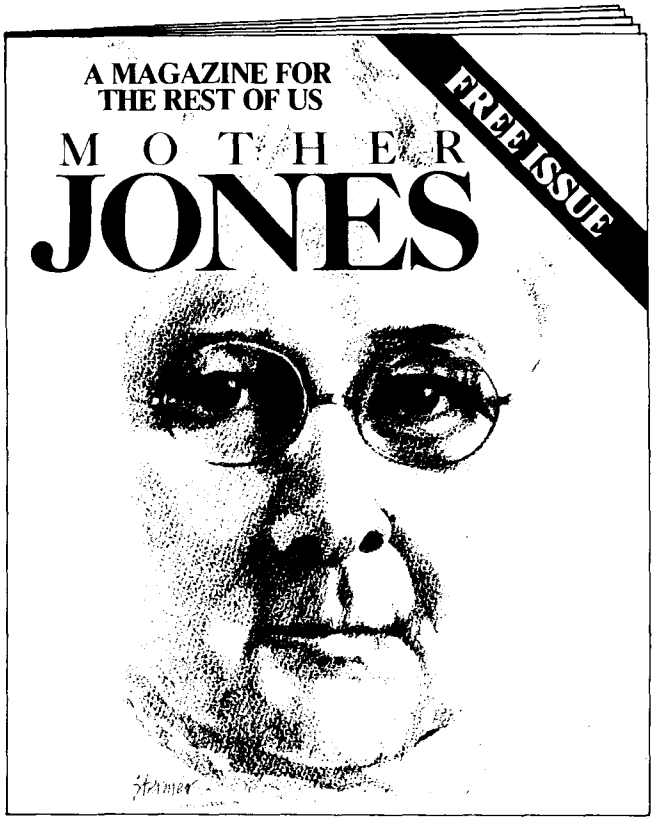

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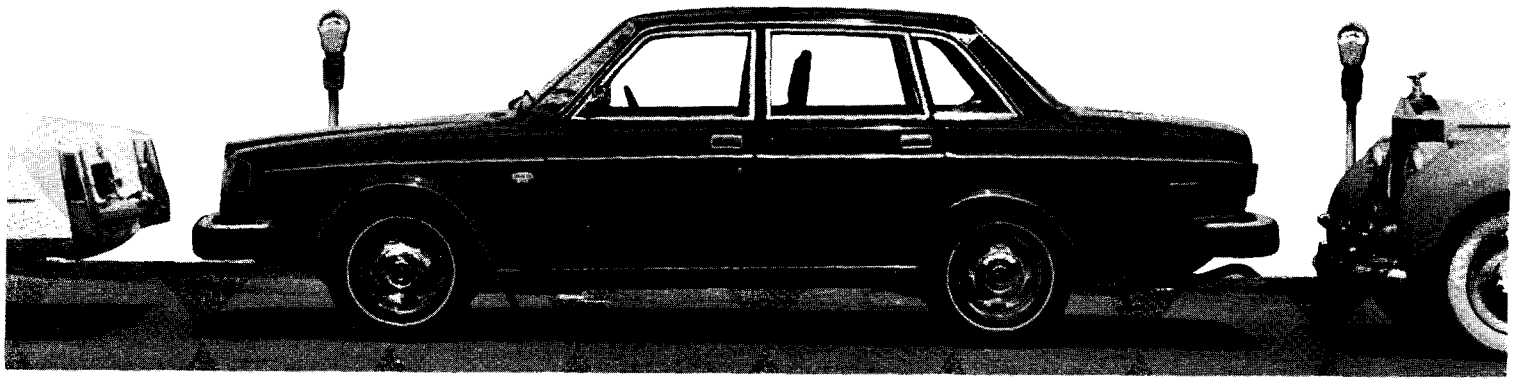

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Kelley's Perquisites

An "abuse of power" investigative squad at the Justice Department happened upon Clarence Kelley's sins—venial sins of a sort not likely to interest historians or even conspiracy buffs of the future. Against the backdrop of the other FBI crimes of the last two decades—Hoover's illegal spying and blackmailing of politicians, L. Patrick Gray's criminal toadyism, the Bureau's almost systematic traducing of civil liberties—Kelley's record is penny ante stuff. Yet it has made him a presidential campaign issue this fall and further blackened the FBI's reputation, which by now is like flaying a corpse.

According to the Justice Department's report on the case, Kelley's misdeeds were these: he took a chair worth $105, a briefcase and some other small gifts from his subordinates; he asked government carpenters to repair a hinge on a cabinet at home and build $335 worth of window valances in his apartment; he had FBI mechanics repair his private car; he borrowed a couple of television sets from the office and returned them later; and, finally, he accepted a plywood bedboard free of charge from the FBI workshop. It's a tawdry account. Kelley admitted to reporters that he had done all of it, explaining in his own defense that he hadn't known there was anything wrong with borrowing things from the office, and that he hadn't personally ordered the work to be done on his home. He didn't think it was fair to say he'd tried to bilk the government. It came down to a plea of ignorance, and maybe—given his preoccupation with his dying wife at the time—that accounts for much of it.

The Kelley case fits the popular image the Ford administration seems to have acquired. It suits the theme, sustained for two years now, that an oafish group of politicians can stay in office, whatever the cost in personal embarrassment, provided only that they appear determined to hang on. Clarence Kelley fits squarely into the Ford tradition. He is amiable, open and inept, and his clumsy honesty may have won him some sympathy at the White House. President Ford, declaring last week that Kelley was capable of handling the pressures of high office and should stay on, seemed to speak for himself as well. There should always be a place for mediocrity in government, as Sen. Roman Hruska once said, and while Jerry Ford remains President that principle will be honored.

What did Kelley do wrong? In simple terms, he did what other

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"corrupt" FBI agents had done, but on a smaller scale. Kelley's worst mistake was his use of the exhibit construction staff—the FBI carpenters who build mock-ups for trials. A Kelley aide apparently ordered the staff to build some window valances for the chief in 1973, and Kelley somehow failed to realize that this was wrong until much later. It was common, it seems, for FBI executives to use the exhibit staff as a private furniture and home renovation service. Earlier this summer, Kelley asked the head of that shop to resign because of his involvement in the corruption, and since then the former shop director has been giving information to investigators at the Justice Department. In a separate part of the inquiry, other agents have been accused of siphoning off large sums from the fund for confidential FBI payoffs, stealing and selling FBI electronic equipment and, in Hoover's case, of using the construction staff to do large home improvement projects. Some of these culprits may even now be putting the finger on Kelley. But as the Justice Department staff put it in a report to the Attorney General, "Mr. Kelley's conduct was different in kind from the conduct of others which has led to disciplinary action and criminal prosecution. In our view, the caliber of government service is not improved in situations such as this, where there is every evidence of an intention to be honest, by a reading of human conduct in its worst light." The prose is barbaric, but the meaning is evident. The investigators felt that, given the potential for abuse of power that a chief of the FBI has available to him and to which his predecessors have availed themselves, Clarence Kelley has been admirably restrained. Relatively speaking, he's an honest man.

"Freeze! F.B.I.!"

Obviously this is not a legal, but a political opinion. The judges in the District Courthouse just a few blocks from FBI headquarters don't make such generous allowance for good intentions or for stupidity. Although the Justice Department would like to blur this fact, it is nonetheless true that Kelley is being given special treatment because of his title and because the presidential election is so near. However free he was of corrupt intent, Kelley did spend government money on his private house and automobile. He offered to reimburse the government, but only much later.

It's interesting to note, therefore, that the response to the Kelley affair became less correctly legal and more political as it moved up the chain of command. According to *The Washington Post*, the head of the Justice Department's investigative squad, John Dowd, recommended at first that Kelley be fired. Dowd's superior, Michael Shaheen, Jr., felt dismissal would be too harsh, and recommended instead that Kelley be reprimanded. By the time the report got to the White House it no longer spoke of reprimand or removal, but simply said that Kelley should "reimburse the Bureau as he has sought to do" for the "services rendered."

The Carter Bibliography

Hugh Sidey of *Time*, who used to write about Lyndon Johnson's golf game and the dog biscuit crumbs in Gerald Ford's pocket, took leave last week from ruminating about Iowa to describe in revealing detail Jimmy Carter's reading habits. They are intense. As one might expect, he approaches books with the same Rickoverish zeal that he went after primary votes, timing his word speed, counting chapters per week, underlining, practicing zero-based budgeting on his library, winnowing out the useless and redundant. There is no evidence that he once asked a librarian for suggestions and was told, "why not the best?" But Sidey makes it abundantly clear that Carter reads a lot, and there is even a photograph of the nominee in the act, his eyes plausibly glued to the text of something on his lap. It may have been Faulkner, whom Sidey identifies as a "principal source." For self-knowledge? Is Plains, Georgia much like Yoknapatawpha County?

Carter "fully intends to keep up with important books should he win the November election," and at the reported pace of three a week we may expect he will "consume" a presidentially unprecedented 624 or 1248 volumes before leaving office, depending on whether the voters will want to give a part-time President a second term. Who will choose these books? Carter has

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not surrounded himself with a notably intellectual crew of advisers; indeed some of them speak English with that touch of unfamiliarity one associates with constant TV watchers. Perhaps that Democratic government-in-waiting in Washington, which Carter has kept at arm's length through the early stages of his campaign, will be put to use in this fashion, some of them even having written books themselves. Frank Manciewicz, for example, recently published one entitled *With Fidel*, though it is doubtful that President Carter would think that suitably important. He can be cold-blooded in that respect. Zbigniew Brzezinski, who's been close to the campaign from the beginning, has written on just about everything: America, Russia, Africa, the Middle East, Japan, development, democracy, dictatorship. But all of that has probably already been digested into policy memos.

A politician who reads anything other than newspapers is, of course, a novelty. The pursuit of power is fundamentally a philistine occupation, and it is not likely that a genuine intellectual, mindful of history and human nature, would find the transient glory of public affairs worth the trouble. Carter, the uncommon politician, is a mixed exception. His ostentatious inclusion of the late Reinhold Niebuhr on his campaign staff suggests a desire to give his thinking a philosophical veneer, and it has struck a chord in predictable circles. But a little learning, as Pope remarked, is a dangerous thing, and there is nothing worse than a politician struck by a second-rate idea (see Governor Jerry Brown and *Small is Beautiful*) as Carter is clearly persuaded that the absorption of books by the yard fills the fundamental vacuum. It cannot be expected that Hugh Sidey would know any better, not certainly on the basis of his breathless account.

What is most curious is the awe with which Sidey lists Carter's stable of favorites. For the most part it is rather elementary stuff; the sort of thing one would expect a bright high school student to have gone through, not the fare of a middle-aged nuclear physicist. Pop history, pop philosophy, pop psychology, ideas ground up into little edible chunks, sugar-coated and spewed forth like literary Muzak, the mark of the pragmatic bookworm upon them. Other parts of it are understandably contemporary. For example, *Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream* by Doris Kearns, a serious book, but put across as an amalgam of lay psychiatry (known these days as psychohistory) and *Pamela*, wherein the last Democratic President recounts his dreams to Miss Kearns and tells her she reminds him of his mother. Carter is said to have eagerly welcomed the author on her visit to Plains where, on behalf of five women's magazines, she asked him about lust. We trust that, having read the book, his guard was up. Anyway, there is little resemblance between Doris Kearns and Miss Lillian. Another favorite is James David Barber's *Presidential Character*, which purports to divide Presidents into various psycho-political categories, something like active-positive-reactive, passive-indolent-depressive or, perhaps in Carter's case, ambitious-Baptist-presumptuous.

Whether all this qualifies Carter to be a philosopher-king is debatable. And it's difficult to say what is more discouraging: that we should be excited about a potential President who has read *A Thousand Days*, or that Hugh Sidey should find Carter's bibliography impressive. Probably the latter. One thing is certain: Jimmy Carter will read 21 more books between now and the election. Will one be *Don Quixote*?

Philip Terzian

Daley's Wheelhorse

Chicago

When they auctioned off the premier beef carcass at the Illinois state fair this year, only one of the two expected guest politicians was present. Secretary of State and Democratic nominee for governor, Michael Howlett came, but incumbent Governor Dan Walker, the man Howlett beat in a bitter brawl of a March primary, managed to be elsewhere. All day Howlett and Walker had each been conspicuously absent from events attended by the other, so an Associated Press reporter asked whether the two men were avoiding one another. "You're one of those bastards that's always trying to cause trouble," Howlett responded, expressing his usual view of the press lately. Then he growled, "If you print that, I'll break both your arms, in public."

Mike Howlett, a Democratic wheelhorse, who won three previous statewide elections in Illinois, is Mayor Richard J. Daley's handpicked choice for governor, a job Howlett expects to win by tying himself as close as possible to Jimmy Carter. The race is interesting in part because it may affect the presidential contest here, and in part because Howlett is opposed by Republican Jim Thompson, 40, a former US Attorney who made his name by sending mainstays of Mayor Daley's political organization to jail and who himself seems to have presidential ambitions.

When the Carter-Ford gap in the polls was at its widest point, the President's strategists sometimes confronted the "electability" issue by suggesting that Mr. Ford would get a boost from strong Republican tickets in a few key states. The place most often mentioned was Illinois, a bellwether, swing-state that has not backed a presidential loser since 1916. Thompson is now viewed as running about as far ahead of Howlett as Carter is ahead of Ford. What the President's men are counting on to help keep this state's 26 electoral votes in the Republican column is a reverse coattail effect whereby Jim Thompson's popularity helps Gerald Ford. It is a chancy proposition to say the

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least. However, voting in the gubernatorial and presidential contests may indeed be related this year, because Chicago's mayor, though not on the ballot, is an important factor in each race.

Daley is the tie that binds Jimmy Carter to Mike Howlett. During his days as a long shot, Carter assiduously courted Daley, avoiding antagonizing him by not filing delegates on the mayor's turf, by paying homage to him in the press and by promising the support of delegates he had not yet won for Daley as delegation chairman. The courtesy paid off handsomely. Following the final primaries in Ohio, New Jersey and California, Daley was the first to declare the contest over and Carter the nominee. He was quickly joined by others including George Wallace, Henry Jackson and Hubert Humphrey, but Carter aides have subsequently acknowledged that once Daley was aboard, the contest was over. They also admit that the only agreement between the two men at the time was that Carter would campaign for Howlett in Illinois.

Carter's first task in that regard was to get his old Naval Academy associate Dan Walker allied with Howlett. From mid-March to late-June, Walker refused to say whether he would support the man who beat him in what may have been Illinois' most bruising primary ever. He also declined to muzzle his staff, and that encouraged speculation that Walker might field an independent candidacy of his own in November. After a personal meeting with Carter at the Governors Conference in Hershey, Pennsylvania, Walker notified the press that he would be supporting the entire Democratic ticket in Illinois. It was not much of an endorsement and Walker aides have since stressed that it happened only because Carter intervened personally, but it has at least had the effect of driving the Walker-Howlett feud off the front pages—except, on occasions when they go out of their way to avoid one another.

A second place that Daley and Howlett need Carter's help is in downstate Illinois, where Walker carried 85 counties in his losing primary effort. "Jimmy's popularity will be transferred as much as it is possible to do so," says Carter campaign chairman Jim Wall. "Our marching orders are to tie in as closely as possible with the Howlett effort."

In Chicago, both the Howlett and Carter campaigns have been turned over to the regular Democratic organization; all the precinct work will be done by the mayor's men. The Windy City is straight ticket territory. About 350,000 citizen Democrats—in largely white ethnic, mostly Irish and Catholic, middle and working class wards—will open the voting machines, pull one lever and leave. They are what Howlett's campaign manager, Hyman Raskin, is referring to when he says that "In Chicago, Carter will get a little help with his Catholic problem." Ward level elections are the core of the Daley machine's muscle. Sanitary district trustee, state representative and local judicial posts are the jobs that really concern the precinct workers, but they also turn out Democratic votes for President, senator, governor, or whatever office heads the ballot.

Outside the mayor's most trusted wards, Illinois voters are notorious ticket-splitters. Much of this ticket-splitting comes from about 150,000 highly committed, liberal "independents" in and around Chicago, whose strongest political motivation is their disdain for the mayor. These are sophisticated bloc voters who went for Howlett in the Democratic primary to get rid of Walker and will just as surely be for Republican Jim Thompson in the general election.

How will they vote for President? Independent leaders assess it this way: "These voters are basically liberal Democrats, but they will not vote for any candidate whose election enhances Daley's power in Chicago. Unless there is some clear indication to the contrary, they may assume that Carter is sufficiently obligated to Daley that he will give the mayor the right to approve appointments to the US Attorney's office and the federal bench. So the closer Carter is tied to Daley, the more he risks losing the independent bloc, possibly to Ford but more likely to Eugene McCarthy. Daley, on the other hand, has no choice but to deliver every vote he can to Carter. He is not about to teach 350,000 Chicago Democrats how to split their tickets. The mayor's machine delivered the city of Chicago to George McGovern in 1972, despite deep bitterness over Daley's ouster from the Miami convention for violations of "McGovern's rules."

During his tenure as US Attorney Jim Thompson (a Nixon appointee), demonstrated to Daley's adversaries how important an independent prosecutor can be to their long range interests. Crusading against official corruption, with Chicago his prime target, he obtained indictments against more than 350 officeholders and government employees, including federal appellate judge and former Democratic Governor Otto Kerner. In nearly all the cases tried while he was in office, Thompson got convictions, nailing seven Chicago aldermen, two state legislators, 85 Daley election day workers, 19 employees of the country assessor's office and 54 Chicago cops. Some questioned his methods—excessive use of plea bargaining is the usual charge—but there is general agreement that the Chicago municipal elections of 1975 were the cleanest in memory. Despite three years of headlines implicating his personal and political cronies in official corruption, Richard Daley won a fifth term by a landslide, even without the benefit of a friendly count.

In Chicago, Daley delivers, but elsewhere, as Dan Walker proved in both his campaigns, the mayor's support can be a serious liability, and Thompson intends to capitalize on his anti-Daley credentials. "If Michael Howlett is governor, the major decisions affecting every citizen of Illinois will be made from the fifth floor of the Chicago City Hall," says Thompson, sounding the main theme of his campaign. Also, outside

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the city, independent voters are even more numerous and Thompson believes he can win their support if he is successful in tagging Howlett as Richard Daley's rubber stamp. For these voters, Daley has been a good enough mayor of Chicago, but his record over more than 20 years in that job leaves no room to doubt that for Daley, Chicago comes first, and they see no need to install his proxy in the governor's mansion.

At the presidential level, the Daley connection will be less important, unless the Thompson-to-Ford reverse-coattail theory works out. And it might, because Jimmy Carter's pledge to campaign for Mike Howlett may turn out to be his biggest problem in Illinois. One inviolate rule of campaigning in the age of mass media is that a candidate must seem to be what he claims he is, and in campaigning for Mike Howlett, Jimmy Carter is embracing a contradiction to himself. Carter won his nomination by running as his own man, scrupulously honest, independent, part of nobody's establishment. Howlett is Carter's antithesis, an old-style machine politician—corpulent, jowly, gruff, well-connected. As a perfect counterpoint to Carter's careful, self-controlled campaign style and polite manner, Howlett is blustery, easily irritated and blunt. Antagonized by a line of questioning, he recently grabbed the microphone from an offending television interviewer, and, forgetting that the cameras were still rolling, snarled, "Fuck you!" The sound was bleeped out, but Howlett's lips unmistakably formed the syllables for viewers in the state's second largest media market. Even his temper tantrums imitate Daley. Could that scene have taken place with Jimmy Carter at his side? Remember the famous 1960 photo of an appalled John Kennedy reaching down in an effort to calm and restrain his agitated and shouting running mate, Lyndon Johnson?

Though he has a record as a competent administrator, Howlett is also a man with a knack for cutting ethical corners. While serving as secretary of state he accepted an annual retainer of $15,000 from a steel company that did business with the state, and one of the matters he is now not commenting on is the fact that he once paid personal income tax on $100,000 in campaign contributions. Jim Thompson is now reporting his own campaign contributions on a daily basis and promising that there will be no consideration in return for political gifts, regardless of amount. This is an effort to highlight Howlett's shortcomings in a state where corporate giving is still legal and where clues to future state contracts can be gleaned in advance from the reports of candidates' political contributors.

The point is that Carter is now well ahead and Howlett well behind and that side-by-side the two men are not complementary; they don't stand for the same things. Present them together often enough, on the hustings, in the media or even in political advertising, and the outcome of both races may depend on who rubs off on whom. If they campaign together extensively, as they did in last week's Chicago torchlight parade, they may actually produce some version of the outcome President Ford's people hope for, a negative reverse coattail effect, with Howlett losing and dragging Carter down with him.

Ken Bode

White House Watch

Glimpses of Jimmy

When President Ford went to Colorado from Kansas City to savor his narrowly won nomination and to plan his leisurely campaign for election, I broke away for a fortnight's observation of the man who seems likely to be the next occupant of the White House. Here then are some impressions of Jimmy Carter, to be followed in my next report with excerpts from interviews with relatives, friends and assistants who may be assumed to know who Jimmy is and what makes Jimmy run.

The release of Carter's 1975 federal income tax return while I was in Plains interested me for a reason that had nothing to do with the fact that, largely because of a credit for investment in the family peanut shelling plant, he and his wife paid only $17,484.14 in tax on a gross joint income of $136,138.92. Carter caught practically none of the hell from the press that Ronald Reagan and Richard Nixon caught for comparably low taxes on comparable incomes. But the point of interest here goes back to a prejudice acquired during boyhood and early manhood in Mississippi and the South. The prejudice is against southern politicians who parade their nicknames and their religion. Inquiry establishes that Carter has been "Jimmy" since infancy and didn't adopt the nickname for political purposes. Inquiry also convinces me that he really is a devout "born again" Baptist Christian and does not play on the fact for political gain. Nevertheless, I was amused and pleased to see that Carter identifies himself on his tax return as "James E. Carter" and on an accompanying financial statement as James E. Carter, Jr. He has been reported to get downright testy when other people drop the "Jimmy" and use his proper name. His father, who died in 1953, preferred to be known as "Earl." The James Earl Carter Memorial Library at Georgia Southwestern College in nearby Americus honors him and also encourages some of Carter's devoted but not wholly blinded friends in Americus to agree that he overdoes the Jimmy bit.

For a candidate who promises as his first order of presidential business to reform the federal bureaucracy, Carter relies upon and tolerates a strangely chaotic staff situation at his Atlanta headquarters. Reporters who have covered the Carter

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campaign for months attribute part of his success to the astute planning and management of a few young Georgians, notably among them staff director Hamilton Jordan (pronounced jerden) and press secretary Jody Powell. Without presuming to quarrel with that judgment on the basis of a short look, I simply note the air of frantic rush that pervades the headquarters offices. During my visit, it caused two senior newcomers to wonder aloud whether there wasn't an awful lot of aimless wheel-spinning around them. That may be partly because since Carter's nomination the staff in Atlanta and elsewhere has expanded from some 250 to nearly 700 people. Today Powell's press staff is pretty much as it was during the leaner pre-convention time. Powell doubtless deserves his rating with most of the journalists who deal with him as one of the best in the business. The press operation under him, however, is among the worst I've encountered. This is partly because it's conducted by too few overworked amateurs. The main and obvious reason is that Carter confides only in Powell and Powell doesn't confide in anybody on his staff. He's too busy with other responsibilities to do an adequate informational job and his assistants, seldom or never knowing anything worth knowing, naturally can't do it for him.

The story behind Carter's "pardon-yes; amnesty-no" statement and the storm of boos it aroused during a speech to an American Legion convention in Seattle on August 24 indicates that Carter's communication with his staff and communication within the staff are less than perfect. Several assistants who participated in researching and preparing the speech said afterward that the pardon *vs* amnesty reference to Vietnam era draft dodgers and deserters was almost an afterthought and was never intended either to bring on the confrontation it did or to overshadow the substantive proposals for defense economies, military pension improvements and the like that took up more words and time than the pardon passage did. These assistants evidently didn't know that the passage in question was designed to bring on the confrontation that it caused. It put Carter on camera in the guise of a principled and courageous politician defying his detractors. A lot of Carter's personal care and thought went into these words: "I do not favor a blanket amnesty, but for those who violated selective service laws, (*e.g.*, draft evaders) I intend to grant a blanket pardon. To me, there is a difference. Amnesty means that what you did is right. A pardon means that what you did—right or wrong—is forgiven. So, pardon—yes; amnesty—no." Carter had been saying much the same thing for months. It was the hostile reaction, not the statement, that made the news as he must have known it would. At a press conference that immediately preceded the address, he said he expected many in his Legion audience to disapprove of the promise of a blanket pardon for evaders. Unknown to the assistants previously mentioned, he said to another assistant working on the speech: "I want a confrontation with that organization." He got it.

An unqualified promise to an Iowa farm audience that he as President would never embargo grain and other food exports illustrated a tendency to overstatement and got Carter into a revealing brush with reporters in Plains. The affair also dramatized the failure of both Carter and Ford propagandists to exploit mistakes of each candidate. Carter had said in his acceptance speech and on other occasions that one of his ways of deterring or punishing hostile foreign action would be a total suspension of trade with offending nations. This had to include embargoes on grain and other food exports of the kind for which Mr. Ford had been severely criticized in the midwestern grain belt. Carter's implied position could have been turned against him with important effect, but Ford spokesmen never had the wit to do it before Carter retreated. In the primary and pre-convention season, Mr. Ford never went beyond saying even in the sensitive Midwest that he did not foresee having to impose any more embargoes on exports. Only in his acceptance speech in Kansas City did he abandon caution and flatly promise "no more embargoes." After Carter committed the same indiscretion in Iowa, he and his people could have argued but didn't that at worst he'd been no sillier than Ford had been. At a press conference in Plains, he took a heavy and (I thought) excessive drubbing from reporters on this score and on his similarly overstated denunciations of Ford vetoes. He had to admit that he might have vetoed some of those bills. The interesting thing to me, standing in front of him on the Plains railway station platform, was the sight of his rather prissy mouth tightening and of the hard glint that came into his surprisingly small blue eyes. A long-time associate said later that a short while ago Carter probably would have blown his top and denounced the reporters for taking advantage of fair answers to unfair questions. Now he's learning to control that Carter smile and to suppress the anger that what he considers to be unjustified questioning of his wisdom and motives arouses in him.

On balance, being near but never with him (excepting a brief introductory conversation) for two weeks dispelled my anxieties about a Carter presidency. Those anxieties were rooted in the doubts that many southerners of my generation have about southern politicians on the national stage (I grew up in red-neck northern Mississippi before Carter was born). He came across as a man of grace, of great inner control, a man blessed with a loving family and with friends and associates who love him in the sense that John Kennedy was loved. Much else about Carter is remindful of Kennedy. Despite his years in Congress and careful preparation for the presidency, Kennedy came to the White House with much to learn about the demands of the presidency. So would Carter. Watching him learn on the job will be fascinating, if Jimmy gets there.

John Osborne

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The Query

(The following is a one-act play based on an incident in the life of Abraham Lincoln. The incident may or may not be true. The point is I was tired when I wrote it.)

(Lincoln with boyish eagerness beckons George Jennings, his press secretary, into the room.)

Jennings: Mr. Lincoln, you sent for me?

Lincoln: Yes, Jennings. Come in. Sit down.

Jennings: Yes, Mr. President?

Lincoln: (Unable to suppress a grin.)
I want to discuss an idea.

Jennings: Of course, sir.

Lincoln: Next time we have a conference for the gentlemen of the press . . .

Jennings: Yessir . . . ?

Lincoln: When I take questions . . .

Jennings: Yes, Mr. President . . . ?

Lincoln: You raise your hand and ask me: Mr. President, how long do you think a man's legs should be?

Jennings: Pardon me?

Lincoln: You ask me: how long do I think a man's legs should be?

Jennings: May I ask why, sir?

Lincoln: Why? Because I have a very good answer.

Jennings: You do?

Lincoln: Long enough to reach the ground.

Jennings: Excuse me?

Lincoln: Long enough to reach the ground. That's the answer! Get it? How long do you think a man's legs should be? Long enough to reach the ground!

Jennings: I see.

Lincoln: You don't think it's funny?

Jennings: May I be frank, Mr. President?

Lincoln: (Annoyed)
Well, I got a big laugh with it today.

Jennings: Really?

Lincoln: Absolutely. I was with the cabinet and some friends and a man asked it and I shot back that answer and the whole room broke up.

Jennings: May I ask, Mr. Lincoln, in what context did he ask it?

Lincoln: Pardon me?

Jennings: Were you discussing anatomy? Was the man a surgeon or a sculptor?

Lincoln: Why-er-no-I-I-don't think so. No. A simple farmer, I believe.

Jennings: Well, why did he want to know?

Lincoln: Well, I don't know. All I know is he was someone who had requested an audience with me urgently . . .

Jennings: (Concerned)
I see.

Lincoln: What is it, Jennings, you look pale?

Jennings: It is a rather odd question.

Lincoln: Yes, but I got a laugh off it. It was a quick answer.

Jennings: No one's denying that, Mr. Lincoln.

Lincoln: A big laugh. The whole cabinet just broke up.

Jennings: And then did the man say anything?

Lincoln: He said thank you and left.

Jennings: You never asked why he wanted to know?

Lincoln: If you must know, I was too pleased with my answer. Long enough to reach the ground. It came out so fast. I didn't hesitate.

Jennings: I know, I know. It's just, well, this whole thing's got me worried.

II

(Lincoln and Mary Todd in their bedroom, middle of the night. She in bed, Lincoln pacing nervously.)

Mary: Come to bed, Abe. What's wrong?

Lincoln: That man today. The question. I can't get it out of my mind. Jenning's opened a can of worms.

Mary: Forget it, Abe.

Lincoln: I want to, Mary. Jesus, don't you think I want to? But those haunting eyes. Imploring. What could have prompted it? I need a drink.

Mary: No, Abe.

Lincoln: Yes.

Mary: I said, no! You've been jittery lately. It's this damn civil war.

Lincoln: It's not the war. I didn't respond to the human being. I was too preoccupied with getting the quick laugh. I allowed a complex issue to elude me just so I could get some chuckles from my cabinet. They hate me anyhow.

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Mary: They love you, Abe.

Lincoln: I'm vain. Still, it was a fast comeback.

Mary: I agree. Your answer was clever. Long enough to reach his torso.

Lincoln: To reach the ground.

Mary: No, you said it the other way.

Lincoln: No. What's funny about that?

Mary: To me it's a lot funnier.

Lincoln: That's funnier?

Mary: Sure.

Lincoln: Mary, you don't know what you talking about.

Mary: The image of legs rising to a torso . . .

Lincoln: Forget it! Can we forget it! Where's the bourbon?

Mary: (withholding the bottle)
No, Abe. You won't drink tonight! I won't allow it!

Lincoln: Mary, what's happened to us? We used to have such fun.

Mary: (tenderly)
Come here, Abe. There's a full moon tonight. Like the night we met.

Lincoln: No, Mary. The night we met there was a waning moon.

Mary: Full.

Lincoln: Waning.

Mary: Full.

Lincoln: I'll get the almanac.

Mary: Oh Christ, Abe, forget it!

Lincoln: I'm sorry.

Mary: Is it the question? The legs? Is it still that?

Lincoln: What did he mean?

III

(The cabin of Will Haines and his wife. Haines enters after a long ride. Alice puts down her quilting basket and runs to him.)

Alice: Well, did you ask him? Will he pardon Andrew?

Will: (Beside himself)
Oh, Alice, I did such a stupid thing.

Alice: (Bitterly)
What? Don't tell me he won't pardon our son?

Will: I didn't ask him.

Alice: You what!? You didn't ask him!?

Will: I don't know what came over me. There he was, the President of the United States, surrounded by important people. His cabinet, his friends. Then someone said, Mr. Lincoln, this man has ridden all day to speak to you. He has a question to ask. All the while I was riding I had gone over the question in my mind. Mr. Lincoln, sir, our boy Andrew made a mistake. I realize how serious it is to fall asleep on guard duty, but executing such a young man seems so cruel. Mr. President, sir, couldn't you commute his sentence?

Alice: That was the correct way to put it.

Will: But for some reason, with all those folks staring at me, when the President said, "Yes, what is your question?" I said, "Mr. Lincoln, how long do you think a man's legs should be?

Alice: What?

Will: That's right. That was my question. Don't ask me why it came out. How long do you think a man's legs should be?

Alice: What kind of question is that?

Will: I'm telling you, I don't know.

Alice: His legs? How long?

Will: Oh, Alice, forgive me.

Alice: How long should a man's legs be? That's the stupidest question I've ever heard.

Will: I know, I know. Don't keep reminding me.

Alice: But why leg length? I mean, legs are not a subject that particularly interests you.

Will: I was fumfering for words. I forgot my original request. I could hear the clock ticking. I didn't want to appear tongue tied.

Alice: Did Mr. Lincoln say anything? Did he answer?

Will: Yes. He said, long enough to reach the ground.

Alice: Long enough to reach the ground? What the hell does that mean?

Will: Who knows? But he got a big laugh. Of course, those guys are disposed toward reacting.

Alice: (suddenly turns)
Maybe you really didn't want Andrew pardoned.

Will: What?

Alice: Maybe down deep you don't want our son's sentence commuted. Maybe you're jealous of him.

Will: You're crazy. I-I. Me? Jealous?

Alice: Why not? He's stronger. He's smoother with pick and ax and hoe. He's got a feel for the soil like no man I've seen.

Will: Stop it! Stop it!

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Alice: Let's face it, William, you're a lousy farmer.

Will: (Trembling with panic)
Yes, I admit it! I hate farming! The seeds all look alike to me! And the soil! I can never tell it apart from dirt! You, from the east, with your fancy schools! Laughing at me. Sneering. I plant turnips and corn comes up! You think that doesn't hurt a man!?

Alice: If you would just fasten the seed packets to a little stick you'd know what you planted!

Will: I want to die! Everything is going black!

(Suddenly there is a knock at the door and when Alice opens it, it is none other than Abraham Lincoln. He is haggard and red-eyed.)

Lincoln: Mr. Haines?

Will: President Lincoln . . .

Lincoln: That question—

Will: I know, I know . . . how stupid of me! It was all I could think of, I was so nervous.

(Haines falls on his knees weeping. Lincoln also weeps.)

Lincoln: Then I was right. It was a non sequitur.

Will: Yes, yes . . . forgive me . . .

Lincoln: (Weeping unashamedly)
I do, I do. Rise. Stand up. Your boy will be pardoned today. As will all boys who made a mistake be forgiven.
(Gathering the Haines family in his arms)
Your stupid question has caused me to reevaluate my life. For that I thank you and love you.

Alice: We did some reevaluating too, Abe. May we call you . . . ?

Lincoln: Yes, sure, why not? Do you guys have anything to eat? A man travels so many miles, at least offer him something.
(As they break out the bread and cheese the curtain falls.)

Woody Allen

Selling Energy Conservation

Hungry Utilities

by Robert Samuelson

Everybody talks about energy conservation, but who is doing anything about it?

Take a close look at the electric utility industry. Today, it consumes about 25 percent of our total energy. By the end of the century, with declining oil and natural gas reserves, that share could easily exceed 30 percent, according to the Federal Energy Administration. Moreover, the utilities' massive appetite for capital, coal and nuclear power create awesome environmental and inflationary problems. If conservation is important anywhere, it is here.

Yet the idea doesn't seem to be taking hold. The latest consumption figures are particularly discouraging. For the first five months of this year, consumption rose 6.4 percent—a growth rate that, if sustained, might strain markets for both capital and fuel. Unfortunately, many utility executives now assume that such growth will occur until at least 1990.

And there is no solid evidence to dispute that judgment. One-time savings (turning off the lights) occurred in 1974 as a result of higher energy prices and the Arab oil embargo. Some big companies—IBM is a good example—have embarked on serious conservation programs, but, mostly, conservation has floundered.

A combination of things seems responsible:

- The utilities' own conservatism—at best, they have been timid in promoting energy savings. They have trouble reconciling the current need to maximize sales and profits with any serious conservation program.
- The ignorance of consumers, who generally remain unaware of the relative advantage of energy-saving investments. In one public opinion survey, for example, most respondents had virtually no idea how much it would cost to insulate their attics.
- The reluctance of the public and government officials to acknowledge that high prices, as distasteful as they are, represent an unavoidable part of any serious conservation program.

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■A general fuzziness that has transformed conservation into a moral issue—do it for your country, or indeed the world—rather than for what it is: a pragmatic (and expensive) business to be undertaken for reasons of economic and environmental self-interest.

In keeping with the religious approach, much of the evangelical literature on conservation focuses primarily on existing waste and the technological opportunities for reducing needless consumption. There is nothing wrong with that, as far as it goes, but it does not go far. The technology—much of it—now exists. For example, the Arkansas Power and Light Co. sponsored the construction of new model homes that, through better insulation and more efficient heat pumps, achieved a 37 percent savings in electricity consumption. The problem is not the technology, but getting people and businesses to use it. Conservation enthusiasts tend to minimize—or skip altogether—some of the unpleasant realities of merchandising energy saving.

The first reality is price. If the crucial problem is creating a market for conservation, the simplest way to do it often is to raise prices. Just as cars exist that achieve more miles per gallon, so there are air conditioners that deliver more cold per kilowatt. But such air conditioners cost more, and, if people are to buy them, they need a reason. Relying on their sense of public duty is likely to prove a weak reed: the recent surge of large car sales, for example, can be blamed partially on Congress' unwillingness to enact a stiff gasoline tax. In the long run, effective conservation could help stabilize energy prices, but, for now, it is absurd to talk about lowering prices and saving energy in the same breath. Conservationists (and US senators) who do that are either superficial or disengenuous.

High prices alone, however, will not inevitably induce conservation. The other problem often overlooked is the sticky practical job of making it easier for consumers (businesses and individuals) to practice conservation. Once you have shut off the lights, you must spend to conserve, and a serious obstacle is that consumers don't automatically know whether the potential savings is worth the spending. If a consumer is to buy that expensive, energy-efficient air conditioner, he will first want to know how much it will shave his monthly electric bill.

Will someone tell him without his asking? Is there someone selling that air conditioner with the argument that it will pay for itself (in lower electricity charges) over a four-to-five year period—which is the estimate of the FEA? (Using Richmond as an example, the FEA found that a high-efficiency air conditioner would cost about $60 more, but would save about $13.50 in electricity charges annually. The installation of a heat pump system, the FEA calculated, would require a $2300 to $2700 outlay, but could save $500 a year in electricity.) Can he easily arrange for financing if he wants to purchase a heat pump or reinsulate his home?

The answers to the questions are, for the most part, *no*. We need somebody hustling conservation: somebody beating on consumers and businessmen, telling them how conservation—and, in the future, solar energy—can save them money. Government can't do the job effectively, because bureaucrats aren't salesmen and have little incentive to be. Nor are high prices or incentives (tax credits or subsidies) sufficient because they cannot solve the problem of the consumer's technical and financial ignorance.

If conservation needs promoters, there is no reason why the utilities themselves couldn't assume that role. What they should do is help consumers purchase—and finance—energy efficient appliances, or make other energy saving changes (such as reinsulation). To succeed, the company's commitment would have to extend well beyond cosmetic public relations. It would have to reflect a judgment that the utility's profit potential could be improved by a conservation strategy that minimized the construction of new plants and improved the operating efficiency of existing plants—one of the chief sources of current waste. If all this seems pie-in-the-sky, the alternative is worse: utilities will constantly fight new conservation technologies—eventually solar energy—rather than integrating them with the existing system of power distribution.

The utilities aren't total strangers to retail salesmanship. Many used to sell appliances as a way of spurring electricity consumption. A few still do. A few others are edging slowly toward a sales strategy of conservation, but, for most of the industry, the idea remains anathema. In part, their reluctance reflects inertia. Large institutions are creatures of habit. In the case of power companies, the habit has been to build plants to meet projected demand.

But the reluctance reflects more than that, and, for anyone serious about conservation, it's important to understand the real obstacles inhibiting energy savings and making utilities cautious. We start with significant growth pressures—pressures probably better appreciated by utility executives than the rest of us. Consider the Long Island Lighting Co. (LILCO) as a good case study: its service area—Nassau and Suffolk counties just outside New York City—is one of the most affluent in the nation, and, if appliance "saturation"—that is, families buying as many appliances as they need—has occurred anywhere, it should be here; likewise, its population growth in the next 25 years is (like the nation's as a while) expected to be moderate, 26 percent or about one percent annually.

LILCO is still projecting a four percent annual growth rate, which means a three percent per capita increase. And, given its affluence and the fact that it has little heavy industry (industry has traditionally been an intensive energy consumer), its rate could well fall

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under the industry average. Part of the explanation for its growth projection lies in a deceptive aspect of population change. Although population increases only slowly, the number of households—which means new apartments and single-family homes—rises much more rapidly (42 percent). The disproportionate increase reflects a general maturing of the population: the baby boom children aren't having so many children themselves (which accounts for the low growth of the population), but they are still forming new households. That means more air conditioners, more refrigerators, more televisions and more lights. Moreover, the growth in jobs—assuming a reasonably healthy economy—would more closely correspond to the rise in households, not population. That inflates the commercial and industrial demand for power.

Likewise, the rise in the number of households also partially neutralizes another favorable trend for energy conservation: the increase in apartment construction (either as rental or condominium units). Apartments have lower energy use than single-family homes, not only because square footage per household is smaller, but also because the walls of multi-family buildings provide heat insulation. By the year 2000, LILCO expects apartment buildings to rise to about 25 percent of its residential base (up from 13 percent today), but most of these units will be additions—not replacements.

Compounding the population pressures is a continuing spread of energy-intensive appliances. It is easy to say that we should curb the increases in these appliances, but how can that be done? If you have air-conditioning and I don't, am I to be denied it forever? LILCO's planners believe that there is still considerable momentum left in the appliance boom. The company estimates, for example, that slightly more than 50 percent of its customers have window air conditioners, with an average of about two units per family (another 10 percent have central air conditioning). If this is so, both existing homes and new homes can add many new air conditioners.

Finally, generational changes in appliances also create more demand. A color television set, for example, requires about 440 kilowatt hours (kwh) of electricity annually compared to about 200 kwh for black and white, according to LILCO's estimates. A self-defrosting refrigerator consumes about 2000 kwh annually; an old conventional refrigerator requires only about 1300. Most new homes and apartments will probably come with such upgraded appliances, and LILCO believes that per capita ownership is still advancing. It assumes that most single-family homes will ultimately have two color TV sets. These generational shifts in appliances tend to offset some of the highly publicized "conservation" efforts by manufacturers. In its projections, LILCO assumes that manufacturers will achieve 20 percent efficiency in many appliances (the government target). Obviously, however, such "savings" vanish when someone switches from a conventional to a frost-free refrigerator.

But growth pressures alone do not explain utility expansionism. There is an even messier problem: the possibility that an aggressive conservation program could actually aggravate their immediate financial and operational problems. Unfortunately, the fear is not unreasonable. Utilities now build enough capacity to meet their projected peak demand, which occurs—for most companies—on a hot, humid summertime day when everyone runs air conditioners at full throttle. What frightens the companies is the possibility that people might conserve most of the time, but on that extra hot, humid day, say the hell with it. Then the air conditioners would be turned on full blast—regardless of the steepness of summer rates. Thus (the reasoning goes) the utilities' average usage—and profits—would decline, but their peak demand might not. And the need for new generating capacity (to meet future peak demand) might or might not decline, depending on how much conservation reduced the "base" (non-peak) demand. The lower the base, the lower the peak.

That problem explains much of the industry's temerity toward conservation. Today's gain and tomorrow's are at war. If the utilities effectively promote conservation today, they risk lowering profits, with only uncertain dividends—the need for less generating capacity—in the future. Strangely, however, the industry is also tiptoeing around the one conservation strategy that might conceivably ease this dilemma: smoothing out the huge fluctuation in power demand so that existing generators could be used more efficiently.

The theory is simple. If utilities could shift some of their demand from peak hours to off-peak hours, they could increase their average usage and accommodate additional growth without new construction. Although that would not save fuel, everyone would be better off. Profits would be higher (because stockholders' major investments—the generators—would be used more intensively, producing higher average revenues). Rates would be more stable (because they wouldn't have to be raised to pay for idle generating capacity). Environmentalists would be less unhappy (because there wouldn't be so many new plants to protest).

And the potential seems enormous. On average, utilities now use less than 50 percent of their generating capacity at any one time. But, the raw figures overstate the real potential considerably. As long as most people work in the day and sleep at night, there's not much anyone can do to bring usage up to 100 percent. Also, part of the idle capacity represents a cushion for maintenance and breakdowns. Still, average usage is only about 60 percent of peak usage, a figure that even utility executives recognize is disastrously low. A slight improvement—eight or 10

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percent—represents a mountainous savings in plant construction. The problem is translating this recognition into practice, and, at the moment, it looks like a painfully slow job.

There are two fundamental approaches: so-called "peak-hour" pricing, in which the utility raises prices during peak periods (usually the daytime and early evening) and lowers them during other periods to prod consumers in to shifting consumption; and "direct demand management" in which the utility actually shuts off some customer appliances during peak hours. Industry executives, however, seem obsessed with potential practical problems.

LILCO, for example, is proposing a limited peak-hour pricing scheme, which would start with 75 of its largest customers such as Macy's, local universities, hospitals, *Newsday* and Grumman Aerospace. The rate differential would be steep: potentially, three times as high.

Robert Asburn, the company's chief economist, concedes that he's uncertain of the results. "Many of these customers have already saved 10, 15, and even 30 percent (as a reaction to higher utility bills). In that light, what can they do?" he asks. "I don't know, and they don't know, either. A store is a typical example. If it's 95 degrees outside, the only way he's going to bring people inside is to have the air conditioning running, and, if it's a four-story building, you've got to have the escalator going." Thus, many commercial customers oppose peak-hour pricing on the grounds that electricity demand can't be shifted or saved; therefore, (the argument goes) the new prices simply result in enormous increases in electricity bills.

LILCO plans to introduce peak-hour pricing for residential customers, too. With large price differentials, the idea is to induce families to shift their hot-water heating, dishwashing, and clothes-washing and drying to off-peak periods. This probably means that some families would have to buy larger hot-water heaters equipped with timing meters (but LILCO would probably not sell them, according to Asburn). And there are other problems that hamper the scheme's rapid introduction—for example, the cost of the electric meters. A conventional meter costs about $20, but a meter capable of making separate readings for different time periods runs anywhere from $125 to $300, depending on the degree of sophistication. With all the trouble, LILCO estimates (and Asburn candidly admits that the estimate is basically a guess) that it can shave its peak demand by 415 megawatts in 1995, which would be about five percent of its projected peak.

The other basic approach—"direct demand management"—may be more promising, but it too has problems. Last year, Detroit Edison began experimenting with radio control devices that automatically switch off central air conditioning units for 15 minutes of every hour during peak periods. There weren't many complaints from customers, but, according to Paul A. Duker, Edison's vice president for marketing, the utility probably could apply the service only to homes with central air conditioning units, because the radio control devices would be too expensive (probably $75 to $100) for individual window units. Moreover, he isn't even certain that the service can be made available to all homes with central units. To make it attractive, he says, the utility would have to offer customers a rate discount, but the company isn't sure that it can devise a discount that is both economic to the company and large enough to win customers.

"In a society like this—where someone has just made an investment of a couple of thousand dollars in central air conditioners—and the net savings (in lower rates) is $50 a year, most people are going to say, 'the hell with you . . . go jump in the lake.'" In addition, there has been almost universal hostility from commercial customers to the service. "They're worried about customer reactions and sales," says Duker. Georgia Power tried an experiment along the same line with thermostats (which automatically regulated the air conditioners) and reached the same conclusions: complaints were low, but the utility was uncertain about how to apply the service to all customers.

After talking with utility executives, one doesn't find it hard to sympathize with the problems of achieving significant conservation. Surrounded by angry constituents—angry stockholders, regulatory commissions, customers and environmentalists—the utilities aren't eager to tackle another potentially unpopular cause. And, make no mistake, a genuinely-serious conservation program might be highly unpopular, at least in its initial phases.

In LILCO's case, for instance, an outside firm of consulting engineers actually proposed a conservation plan that would have obviated the need for the construction of two nuclear plants at a cost of more than $2.4 billion. But the plan required massive—though not impossible—changes by most customers: reinsulation of most homes over a 10-year period; the replacement of existing air conditioners over the same decade; the readjustment of hot water temperatures; the replacement of most lighting with fluorescent lighting (which is three or four times more efficient than incandescent bulbs). The savings inherent in these alterations, the consultants said, would offset most of LILCO's natural growth.

But, as a practical matter, such alterations probably wouldn't occur without mandatory standards from someone—either the county, state or federal government—and it is unlikely that most politicians will vote to force constituents to make such investments, even if charges would pay for themselves in a three-to-five year period. In fact, the reception of the consultants' report has been mixed. Harris Fischer, chief of special services for Suffolk County's Department of Environmental Control, says he's enthusiastic, but adds, "It hasn't made the impression you would

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expect, because it's very difficult to spread the information around to the general citizen."

If it's easy to sympathize with utility executives, they also leave the impression that they are treading too timidly, and that their caution could ultimately prove self-defeating. For, if aggressive conservation could complicate their short-run problems, the case can be made that conservation (including aggressive "load management" to reduce peak demand) does serve their longterm interests. It is probably unrealistic to expect conservation to eliminate all electricity growth over the next 25 years, but significant reductions in growth rates have enormous implications. According to the Edison Electric Institute, a 6.5 percent growth rate between now and 1990 requires 632 gigawatts additional generating capacity (capacity now is about 490 gigawatts), at a cost of $735 billion; by contrast, a 4.7 percent growth rate reduces those requirements to 386 gigawatts and $460 billion.

More important, the industry needs to lower the growth rate to minimize the impact of new uncertainty about the effects of higher prices on future demand. Despite the rekindling of demand, there is no consensus about the future rate of growth. Industry executives may see something in a six to seven percent rate, but the FEA's projections indicate nothing more than a five to 5.5 rate, according to Howard Perry, the FEA's utilities expert. This year's 6.5 percent growth doesn't necessarily contradict the FEA forecasts, because, coming out of a steep recession, growth would be expected to be slightly higher than normal.

And small differences in growth projections, when compounded over a few years, can lead to gigantic mistakes (as the figures above indicate). Building too many plants or building too few can lead to comparable disasters. A new nuclear plant now costs more than one billion dollars, and, if it isn't needed, that's a lot of capital being wasted. To maintain profits, a utility will customarily ask for a rate increase, but that is no solution. It may not get the rate increase, and, even if it does, higher rates may only aggravate the fundamental problem by discouraging consumption. On the other hand, if utilities actually experience high growth rates, political and financial conditions—the unavailability of investment capital, or environmental roadblocks–could prevent timely construction of needed plants. In both instances, the industry would be better served by decelerating growth to see better where it is going.

The FEA's Perry, for example, believes that the limited experiments with direct control of air conditioners—cycling them on and off during peak periods—show that customers tolerate changes easily. And most utilities, he argues, are ignoring the huge potential of applying such remote control cycling to large commercial customers: stores, office buildings.

Perry admits that many of these customers "are better organized and better able to raise hell [than homeowners]. The retail merchants have gotten quite active—they claim that there's no possibility of load management." But, he adds, the problem has been magnified out of proportion. "Certainly in a big shopping center, keeping the fans going and shutting down the compressor (for 15 minutes) . . . is not going to make the place go to hell. There's just been a great deal of overreaction, and not a very good sales job (by utilities)."

The utilities' other problem is that their own passivity invites what none of them want: direct federal regulation. The first signs of that are already in evidence. In the Federal Energy Administration Extension Act, Congress ordered the FEA to draw up recommendations for possible national regulation of utilities in a multitude of areas: load management; fuel efficiency (the low conversion rate of fuel to energy is another of the industry's embedded problems); rate structure; and system reliability (yet another of the industry's problems is the increasing margin of "spare" capacity to compensate for anticipated shutdowns). Perry says that operating conditions vary so extensively from area to area that setting national policy is exceedingly difficult. "There are just going to be a whole lot of people threatened by this. And if we do a bad job—and sell Congress on it—we could do a hell of a lot of mischief."

The same legislation also acknowledged—almost for the first time—that genuine conservation requires something more than preaching. The bill authorizes $200 million in grants to low-income families for better insulation; another $200 million for an experiment with middle-income families in installing energy-efficient home improvements; and two billion dollars in federal loan guarantees to make investments in energy-saving equipment. It remains to be seen how well such approaches will work (or, indeed, whether the legislation will actually be financed), but, in the outlines of the new law, there is cause to be cautious. A shotgun approach that doesn't concentrate conservation may not affect any one utility's growth sufficiently to decrease the need for new plant construction. That's why it's important that utilities themselves be intimately involved in the promotion of conservation, because only that involvement will give them confidence—both in assessing their own profit potential and their growth outlook—to see conservation as an alternative to building more plants.

None of this augurs well for planned conservation. The prevailing industry approach is to hand a large "Do Not Disturb" sign over existing uses of power. It's true that it's difficult to do things in new ways but there may ultimately be no alternative. It may be difficult to conserve and to shape demand, but realistic financial and environmental constraints will put new limits on growth. Sooner or later, events could make conservationists of us all—but at considerably more pain and inconvenience than if we acted now.

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The New Anti-Semitism

by J.L. Talmon

In those distant days, when General de Gaulle drank a toast to "the state of Israel, our friend and ally," a right wing antiemitic weekly in Paris, which fiercely upheld the idea of "Algérie Française," published a long article under the title "Is it possible to be a friend of Israel and an anti-Semite at the same time?" The author thought that it was. He argued that Israel was a nation of peasants and soldiers, while "the Rothschilds were neither farmers nor warriors." One cannot help being reminded of that fine distinction when hearing nowadays PLO spokesmen swearing that they are fighting racist Zionism, but have nothing against Judaism as a religion, and Jews passionately insisting that the former was only another formula for the latter.

In the pre-Holocaust period and before the Jewish state came into existence the distinction was tenable. There were then gentile anti-Zionists who by no stretch of the imagination could be called anti-Semites. Their reservations against Zionism stemmed from a variety of motives: the Zionist endeavor was a threat to the Arabs; it was utopian romanticism, and it was sure to create more problems than it would solve; the paraphernalia of statehood, with power politics and the fundamental immorality attending it could not be reconciled with the spiritual vocation of Judaism.

It has become impossible to maintain the distinction between anti-Zionism and anti-Semitism since Auschwitz and since 1948, and the honest and thoughtful non-anti-Semitic anti-Zionists in the Western world realize it. I can recall a revealing conversation in a Cambridge (England) college in the late 1950s. My host, an eminent historian and devout Christian, summed up his feelings about Zionism by saying that it had become plain to all that the Zionist idea was a grievous error, and the British involvement with it a disastrous mistake. But—he went on with deep feeling and intense sincerity that were characteristic of the man—"the Jewish state has already come into being and it is there, and it is just unthinkable for the Christian world to let it go under." I believe it was the latter sentiment that made practically all Western nations recoil almost instinctively from the motion in the UN condemning Zionism as racism, and thereby undermining the very legitimacy, not to speak of the moral case, of the State of Israel.

The word "Holocaust" does not signify only the physical fate of six million Jews, of a third of the Jewish people as they existed in 1939. It drives home the stark fact of the irretrievable and irreversible end of a vital and rich Jewish civilization spun over nearly 15 centuries throughout the lands of Central and Eastern Europe by closely knit, populous communities, with their peculiar ancient religion, culture, language, art, folkways, social-economic structures, self-governing institutions, values, aspirations and dreams. In comparison with that rich, dense and compact fabric of Jewish life, the contemporary Jewish settlements in the West present, with all their well-being, power, influence, freedom, great opportunities and cultural and social achievements, a picture of atomization and disintegration, of a paucity of authentically Jewish features and of growing assimilation. The sole heir and repository of the destroyed Jewish civilization is Israel.

Out of ignorance or out of propagandist zeal Arab spokesmen shrug all this off by wearisome repetition that the Jews are only a religious sect, descendants of an ethnic group or adherents of a philosophical system. An Israeli who since the Six Day War consistently opposed annexation of territories densely populated by Arabs and has fought tendencies in his own camp to refuse recognition to the Palestinian Arabs as an entity entitled to corporate self-expression free from alien rule, may claim the moral right to ask Arab writers to exercise a measure of intellectual integrity in this matter. If they justly resent others telling them that they are or are not a nation, they have no business to decide for others whether they are a nation or a religion. They cannot portray the Palestinian Arabs as a nation deserving the right of national self-determination, though historically they had never identified themselves as such nor ever possessed the attributes of distinct nationhood; and at the same time deny the same right to bearers of one of the oldest traditions of mankind in their ancestral home. The Jews were aroused in the last century to political nationalism under the stress of unparalleled persecution and in tune with the spirit of the modern age, which has been stirring nation after nation, tribe after tribe to the most remote confines of the earth to demand a place under the sun as a self-governing community.

Not only the Jews wherever they be, but the Christian world as a whole, with its awareness of the

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peculiarity of the Jewish phenomenon, its sense of obligation, duty and guilt toward the Jews, is acutely conscious of the fact that the destruction of the State of Israel would drive a knife into the very heart of Judaism not only by decimating, and—who knows—wiping out perhaps another three million Jews so soon after the Holocaust, but also by annihilating the last remnant of the integral historic Jewish civilization. The blow to world Jewry, its pride, faith in itself and in its future would prove too heavy for it to survive as an entity, just—as I hasten to add—a disaster befalling US Jewry would sound the doom of Israel. The fortunes of Israel and the diaspora are so linked that no wedge can be driven to separate them. The asymmetry between Israelis and Palestinians is in that respect so obvious that one hardly needs to argue that Arab civilization in the 22 independent states from the Atlantic to Iran, would not in any appreciable manner be damaged or adversely affected, even if not a single Arab were left on the West Bank of the Jordan (which no one advocates). Much criticism may be leveled against the past policies of the Israeli government—its muddle-headed, self-centered and self-righteous obtuseness to Arab susceptibilities, its obsession with security. But there never existed an unambiguous, firm resolve to keep all the territories, forever. The government of Israel lacked the conviction, the will and the courage to decide to annex the latter, but neither did it have the strength to make up its mind and declare itself outright against any annexation. There was the doctrinal and emotional commitment to the historic Jewish right to the whole of Eretz Israel. Settlement on the land was always held as being of the essence of Zionism. The names of ancient historic places exercised a magic fascination. Above all, there were the implacable Arab hostility, the fear of indefensible borders, and the reluctance to offer ammunition to the right-wingers. There were no particular pressures from outside, and an erroneous evaluation of Arab capacity and of the winds of change in the world at large had won wide acceptance. All these combined to foster the policies of immobilism, to encourage activists in and outside the establishment to take partisan action to create settlements, and to inhibit the authorities from resolutely setting their face against it. In giving in to pressure to establish settlements across the 1967 border in strategic points or on historic sites, the government allowed the image of "the creeping conquest" to strike roots in the Arab minds and to spread everywhere. Encouragement was thereby offered to extremists at home to demand a national decision in favor of the principle of total annexation.

There is no doubt that had the Arabs given the slightest token of a readiness to accept the existence of the State of Israel, the vast majority of Israelis, including those who harbor deep suspicions about Arab intentions as well as those who were finding it most difficult to "renounce" the Jewish rights to Hebron and Nablus, would have opted with enthusiasm or out of a resigned sober assessment of the data of the situation—for withdrawal from most of the occupied territories. There are also just too many thoughtful Israelis, with memories of oppression, an anguished desire to safeguard Jewish identity and authenticity and with liberal convictions and temper to envisage with equanimity the specter of a Jewish master race forcing itself upon an alien, hostile, subject people constituting some 40 percent of the population, in an age of passionate, obsessive nationalism, and in the era of decolonization. I dare say no sophisticated Arab propagandist would expect that the slogan of a single, democratic, secular Palestinian state of Moslems, Christians and Jews would be taken seriously by world opinion, in the light of what has happened in Lebanon, and the fate of the Kurds and Assyrians.

Even if one discounts the bitter lessons of worldwide tensions and conflict between ethnic groups with different traditions, cultural background and social development living together, the panacea offered by the leaders of the PLO would still be totally at variance with what even the minimalists among Jews and the international community as a whole had envisaged Jewish settlement in the national home to be about: a refuge from persecution and a home for the Jewish genius to express itself in an integral manner.

I remember a conversation I had a year or two after the Six Day War with a highly cultivated Arab notable, who had a very colorful past. The man had taken the trouble to study Jewish history, the Zionist classics and even Hebrew, and he had become convinced that the feelings about their distinct collective identity were so deep in both communities that the only way of solving the conflict, healing the wounds and preventing endless misery in the future was to sever them. It is anguishing that a liberal historian of national movements feels, after 30 years of studying them, that it's necessary to endorse the view that in a world of nationalist obsession and egalitarian passion, separation was the most practical remedy for ethnic strife. Nor should the Arabs forget that an apocalyptic Day of Judgment would in all certainty mark not the doom of one side only, but that the other one would also be engulfed.

Men of good will on both sides should, bearing this in mind, try not to succumb, nor let others grow neurotic, under the shadow of a demonologized image of the adversary. They should also try as far as possible to spare the susceptibilities of the other side. While insisting on Arab recognition of Israel's existence, a good many Israelis would be ready not to press for an explicitness that may weigh too heavily on obsessively held principles in Arab nationalist philosophy. They would not for instance resent or begrudge to the Arabs the revised vision of their political theology, which puts its trust in time, internal difficulties, the growing indifference of the world and of the Jews across the

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ocean, to bring within half a century or so the demise of that nonviable, alien little state in the heart of the Arab continent. And the Jews should do all they can not to let this happen.

Jews all over the world were incensed and deeply affronted by the condemnation of Zionism as racism. There was something horribly mean and spiteful in spokesmen of what is, in their language, always named "the noble Arab race" bamboozling representatives of states, born yesterday, without even a word in their native tongues to describe the Jew, without the vaguest knowledge or understanding of the peculiar and distant roots and the worldwide aspects of the Jewish problem and the Middle East conflict, without any authentic information on what is going on in present-day Israel. No less repulsive was the plotting with Machiavellian regimes, whose cynical opportunism knows no bounds, to brand as racists the most tragic victims of racism, for whom actually the very word had been coined, and upon whom it has been practiced most thoroughly.

After all, not so long ago the words anti-Semitism and racism were almost synonymous. In the European countries the Jews were almost the only representatives of an alien race. There were no Negroes, Chinese or Arabs there. The race theory gained its mass appeal only because those to whom it was being sold could apply it there and then to Jews. It is enough to try to define racism and to sort out its data to bring home how utterly alien it is to Zionist ideology and Jewish mentality, and indeed interests.

What is racism about? It signifies biological determinism. There was the primary ineffable and unfathomable datum of blood, which unalterably predetermined character, inclinations, reactions, ideas, beliefs, conduct to the most refined intellectual and artistic activity. "Pure" blood endowed its possessors—the race—with an unerring instinct, unreflecting self-assurance, a distinct style, and there was no more heinous thing than the mixing of different kinds of blood, especially of an inferior with a superior brand. It resulted in mongrelization, debility and degeneration. There was a Darwinian rivalry and struggle between the races for a portion of the cosmic life-force, for survival, self-assertion and power. In this eternal confrontation combative vitality was the supreme instrument, and its cultivation the highest task; and not the training of an abstract, universal intellect in order to discover objective universal truths, not moral education designed to foster a sense of justice and fairness to all. Preoccupation with allegedly universal, human, objective values had a debilitating effect on the prowess of the race, since it diluted its firm resolve and compact simplicity, and undermined its fighting self-concentration. The Jews were simultaneously insiders and outsiders, an anti-race with no roots in the soil, given wholly to abstract speculation. They were propagators of internationalism, of the idea of the equality of races, of liberalism, democracy and pacifism. They were the begetters of international systems such as capitalism and finance, and at the same time the prophets of cosmopolitan revolutionary ideologies such as socialism and of individualistic theories like psychoanalysis. They were therefore a most dangerous solvent and were a poisonous destroyer of race certainties and vigor. They fomented class cleavages, exploitation and struggles. They had always exploited the host race, and at the same time had from Moses to Lenin—in the language of Hitler—been inciting the mobs of inferior races against the national elites of the superior breeds, all that as part of an international plot to dominate and exploit the stultified and benumbed Nordic nations.

The insidious, eternal well-poisoner had to be severely segregated and eventually extirpated so that his blood and ideas no longer infected the superior breeds. What has all this got to do with Zionist theory or Israeli practice? Has any one seen in Israel notices of separate public lavatories or separate seats in public conveyances for Jews and Arabs? Are Arabs not admitted to schools and universities in Israel? Are mixed marriages forbidden there?

What does the much publicized absence of civil marriage, which incidentally irks all liberal Jews, really purport? It is a concession to the religious minority, for whom, like for members of most religious denominations, adherence to the rite of immemorial antiquity is a matter of conscience. But at a deeper level, the reluctant consent of the secular parties to the religious rules on civic status stems from the anguished, post-Auschwitz fear that as a result of the destruction of the cohesion of Jewish life in Central and Eastern Europe, the atomized, rapidly assimilating secularized Jewish communities, in which mixed marriages threaten to disrupt all that is left of the fabric of Jewish life, are left with the synagogue as the sole focus of group identity. The people of Israel, so desperately anxious for Jewish survival and unity, must not set a bad example by lowering the barriers and facilitating mixed marriages; so say the defenders of the status quo. Mixed marriages are not forbidden in Israel. It's just that no facilities are provided for them. But there are ways to have them solemnized. They are then legally recognized. The Law of Return is, again, motivated by an anxious desire to bring Jews in, and not by a resolve to keep others out.

Far be it from me to describe the Jewish-Arab coexistence in Israel as an idyll. How could it be, in face of the terrible clash of rights, decades of war, traumatic memories, mutual fear and suspicion? The policies and attitudes of Israel, however, will stand any comparison with the treatment of Poles by the Second Reich, of the Ukrainians and Byelo-Russians in inter-war Poland, the attitude of the kingdom of Hungary toward its Slav and Romanian subjects, the fate of the Irish under

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British rule, not to speak of the situation of Jews in the countries of Eastern Europe—all cases of a dominant race set upon strengthening its hold, by methods which include settling members of its ethnic group in border areas inhabited by national minorities. Why has no one formally asked a UN commission to investigate the policies of the USSR in the Baltic countries designed to swamp those minorities with multitudes of Great Russians and members of other races, and to transfer large numbers of Lithuanians, Latvians and Estonians into remote areas of Russia?

As to the right of Arab refugees to return, surely not many cases, indeed hardly any, could be cited of return of refugees whom an international or revolutionary cataclysm has sent flying. Where should we look for them? On the Indian sub-continent? In Central and Eastern Europe? In the vast expanse of Africa? The whole delicate and intricate fabric of life, into which nearly a million Jewish refugees from the Arab countries had been absorbed, would be destroyed by the come-back of the whole mass of Arab refugees.

The heart-searching and the malaise weighing upon many Israelis and voiced by them publicly on the Palestinian tragedy has no parallel whatsoever in the broodings or public statements of Arabs on the fate of the Jews and the causes that have led them to establish themselves in the Jewish National Home. It is a travesty of the truth to depict the Zionists as a band of imperialists who sat down to hatch a plot to conquer and dispossess an Arab nation, for the sheer love of power and spoils, out of unprovoked hatred for Arabs.

Zionism was motivated by a determination to escape the fate of being an eternal anvil to the blows of turbulent history, by a desire to find a safe refuge where the Jews could be themselves, free to express their particularity, away from the grave international, nationalist, social and revolutionary complications in which they had invariably been caught in modern times. They seem now to have landed in the very heart of the universal vortex, and to be compelled to act, to some extent at least, as instruments of grave dislocation to another people.

For 2000 years they were as a "Cain race" exposed to the never ending barrage of opprobium and hostility of Christianity. No sooner had Auschwitz and the common interest in warding off the dangers of neo-paganism begun to grant some relief, than Judaism found itself under a ferocious assault by Islam, with the uncomprehending unfriendliness of races and creeds of the Third World, which lacked any of the background and experiences to make them understand, let alone sympathize, with the Zionist endeavor. Judaism was beset finally with the resentment of members of historically deprived ethnic groups, who envied the rapid Jewish success in the New World.

For generations it was axiomatically believed by Jews that there was no enemy on the left—the natural defender of all the oppressed and the persecuted. Being part of a marginal, hard-pressed minority, inheriting the prophetic and the Messianic traditions together with the social and mental restlessness of town dwellers and migrants, turned many Jews into prophets, pioneers, leaders and practitioners of evolution. In the same almost Oedipal manner as happened at the time of the scission between the mother religion (Judaism) and the daughter religion (nascent Christianity) nearly 2000 years ago, the church of the religion of revolution has now risen against the people who were the begetters of their creed. The old myth of a Judeo-Marxist international plot has been substituted by the myth of an international Zionist-American-Imperialist conspiracy. It has come in response to the compulsive need to see the world divided into a camp of imperialists and a camp of peoples striving for national liberation.

In its terrible isolation, the state of Israel has become the old Jewish outlaw: the outcast, the collective Jew of the nations. A pariah people has, as it were, created a pariah state. The would-be imperialist has been reduced to beggary. It is now the barefoot nomads of the tents of Kedar who sit upon mountains of gold, hold the world to ransom through the possession of a treasure, one that fell into their lap without them having to hoe or spin, and for the life blood of the nations they are exacting a tribute, in comparison with which the old usury of the Jews appears a miserable pittance. Indeed, they seem determined to follow a set plan to dominate the heights of world economy.

At the opening session of the Eichmann trial in Jerusalem, the counsel for the defense, Dr. Servatius, asked the eminent Judaic scholar who was presenting the historical background of the Holocaust, what was the reason for the permanence and universality of the phenomenon of anti-Semitism? Surely, there must be something in the Jews that provoked such a reaction? Jews tend to become very angry when such a question is put, and a few years ago a British scholar, certainly no anti-Semite, got into trouble when he ventured to raise the point in a review of a book on anti-Semitism in the French Enlightenment.

t all started long, long ago. Hellenism and Rome succeeded in divesting all the conquered peoples, at least their urban elites, of their native languages and cultures. The Jews were the exception, because of their overpowering consciousness of being the sole trustees of a terrifying truth—the existence of a one, omnipotent, wholly transcendental, invisible god. In the Latinized or Hellenized Roman Empire the recalcitrant Jews came to stand out as a strange, queer, incomprehensible, and uncannily frightening breed. The facelessness of their god suggested that they had much to hide, their refusal to mix was proof of misanthropy, and their resistance to Caesar-worship manifested perverse rebelliousness. The Christianized gentiles were thus already disposed to view the crucifixion, the

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rejection of Christ by the obnoxious people, in a predetermined way. The fact that all Apostles were Jews was almost ignored, but Judas Iscariot was remembered as the Jew *par excellence*. To the barbarian tribes that later overran the Roman Empire and established themselves upon its ruins, the Jews appeared as uncanny aliens, bearers of a much older and higher civilization, burdened with the murder of the Savior.

As highly problematic aliens, with no strong ties and no reputation to lose, the Jews chose or were driven by restrictive legislation into the less reputable occupations or into new ventures which the old established conservative populations were unequipped or reluctant to take up because of their novelty, their hazardous nature and their lack of that respectability which comes from sheer duration. Trade and then money-lending became almost exclusive Jewish occupations. The image of the usurer Shylock stuck to them. The Jews fulfilled a necessary and pioneering role in the urban life of the early Middle Ages. When they became expendable, and the host nations had overcome their early inhibitions and were ready and eager to take up the till then despised pursuits, the Jews were expelled from most of Western Europe. They established themselves in the Eastern underdeveloped part of the European continent as the nearly sole and at first welcome middle class, and in such countries as the wide flung Polish Republic and the Kingdom of Hungary as the major part of the urban population.

The emancipation of the Jews by victorious liberalism, the onset of secularization and capitalist industrialization came almost at the same time to the European continent. Together they released immense, bottled-up, volcanic forces of a purposeful race, which had for ages been compelled to practice an exceptionally severe economy of energy in the very restricted fields of religious observance, study of the law and money-making. The Jews seized the new opportunities with ferocious abandon. In some countries they made their leap at a strategically crucial moment, as modernization was put on the agenda, and the gentile population, gentry and peasantry, were not yet ready to join in the race. Bewildered, powerfully affected, often inconvenienced, in many cases deprived of old status and privileges, and even harmed and ruined by the flood of change, the gentile neighbors came to identify the whole process with the Jews, and to hold them responsible for it, since the newcomers seemed to be the greatest beneficiaries thereof. They felt offended by yesterday's pariah who had overnight grown so mighty, and too big for his boots. To the impoverished nobles and dispossessed peasants flocking to towns, the Jews, whom they found there, looked like invaders who had forestalled them. There ensued a tension and conflict that came to a climax in the Nazi campaign to drive the Jewish invaders back, and ended in Auschwitz. The same pattern may be detected in the fortunes of the Jews under the Communist regimes. After centuries of Tsarist oppression and humiliation the Russian Jews had every reason to flock into the ranks of Revolutionaries. They played an enormous part in all the Socialist parties, being before 1917 actually more numerous in the Social Revolutionary and Menshevik factions than in the Bolshevik camp. When Lenin and his followers seized power, most Jews hesitated at first to join them, having like most Russians, grave doubts about their survival. The non-Jewish intelligentsia was unwilling to collaborate with the Bolshevik authorities. Jewish hesitations were soon swept away by the terrible pogroms which broke out in the areas held by the counterrevolutionary generals and the Ukrainian nationalists. So the Jews were again placed in the role of pioneers. At first, this was held to be irrelevant, since the proletarian revolution was supposed to recognize no distinction between Jew, Greek and Gentile. When, however, the Soviet-bred cadres of non-Jewish intelligentsia came up ready and eager to play their parts, and the great patriotic war revived Russian nationalism, the Jews began to appear too conspicuous and too ubiquitous in high places.

Similarly, at the end of World War II the Polish Jews had every reason to welcome the new regime. Pre-war Poland had been a hotbed of anti-Semitism. The Red Army had saved the remnants of Polish Jewry. A social revolution was altogether overdue in Eastern Europe. So while the majority of Poles resented Russian rule most bitterly, the Jews could be trusted by the Soviets and their Polish satellites. Twenty-odd years later a racist campaign was launched by the Polish Communist party, under the official slogan coined by a party theoretician that no self-respecting nation could tolerate such a disproportionate influence by a racially alien group. And this in a regime drawing its inspiration from such "foreigners" as Marx and Lenin.

Throughout the ages the Christian-Jewish relationship has been beset by a profound neurosis. The peculiar, indeed unique concatenation of historical circumstances never ceased to feed the conflict of feelings in the Christian psyche toward the Jew: awe, sense of obligation, resentful hatred, contempt, guilt. The gentiles were thus conditioned to react to the stimuli that the Jew projected with an intensity out of all proportion. It was not, in the final analysis, the nature of the stimulus; it was the neurotic disposition that somehow made the behavior and acts of the Jew appear as a caricature. Hence the utterly contradictory accusations with which Jews have been charged: they were clannish, and then they became too obtrusive; they were cringing and soon too arrogant; they were blamed for being superstitious and obscurantists, and then for being profaners of all ancient traditions and promoters of shoddy vanguardism. They stood condemned as capitalists, and at the same time were feared as revolutionaries. No doubt, the highly ambiguous

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situation of the Jews, their being always exposed to some kind of blame, their existence, rights and character never being quite taken for granted as natural, obvious, the eternal fear of discrimination and persecution—all these shaped a nervous, neurotic, restless, furtive or self-assertive, at all events, an intense, exaggerated and shrill manner of responding.

Not so long ago an article in the London *Times* spoke of the paranoia of American Jews. The allegedly excessive touchiness of Jews has more than once evoked the reaction that the Jews were claiming exemptions from criticism, as if a single word of criticism was an expression of heinous anti-Semitism, and therefore inadmissible.

The Jews may exaggerate, but the reflex is far from being unjustified. Experience has shown again and again that not only was there something infectious in anti-Semitism, but that it belonged to that sort of emotion which makes one lose control, one's sense of proportion, which escalates, drags one down, unleashes uncontrollable dormant instincts: "the rush of blood." I was reminded of that, when I recently read a revealing passage by an attractive and humane British historian on his experiences in World War I. "Most men, I suppose, have a paleolithic savage somewhere in them. . . . I have, anyway . . . that's the beastliest thing in war, the damnable frivolity. One's like a merry mischievous ape tearing up the image of god." What else could one say about the queer passion for destroying graves in Jewish cemeteries, or about the coarse, savage venom and spite, and the urge to sneer, insult and hurt displayed in anti-Semitic literature? At the end of the road is Auschwitz. In the Jewish reflex to criticism, and in the insistence to be spared it, there is therefore something of that which moves say the blacks and other traditionally underprivileged races in the US to claim compensating allowances for past deprivation, on top of formally equal opportunity in the present.

For generations, the Jewish question was haunting the world. The term has become "irrelevant" on the morrow of the Holocaust. Those to whom it had applied had ceased to exist. Instead, the State of Israel, which was meant to solve it, has become the problem child of the world. After displaying dazzling military valour which dumbfounded all those who had for ages been mocking Jewish cowardice, the people of Israel have found themselves in the situation of a ghetto of victors, a besieged city, an outcast nation.

Israel is caught between contradictory sentiments and commitments. It is yearning for peace. But it is confronted with an implacable enemy threatening total destruction; it is weighed down by the traumas of Munich and Auschwitz and fearful of the terrible risks involved in whatever alternative it finds the courage or is forced to choose. In a painful self-questioning mood, it is being challenged, goaded, prodded to hurry, to take the plunge into the unknown, to consent to the setting up at its doorstep of a garrison state headed by a terrorist leadership flushed with success, driven by a feeling of being on the crest of the wave and on the way to total victory. In recent weeks, the Israel-Arab conflict has been powerfully affected by two sets of events of an utterly contradictory nature, and it is impossible to leave them out without any comment: the drama of Entebbe and the ghastly, to the outside world totally incomprehensible, happenings in the Lebanon.

The former—a tale of valor which caught the imagination of the world and will be celebrated for a long time in ballad, legend and film—has acted as a tonic to Israeli morale. But it is the Israeli doves who have special reasons to rejoice. Their orientation was all along based on two props: the assumption that the Arabs were deeply convinced of Israeli invincibility and the hope that, as a consequence, Israeli moderation and magnanimity may instill some realism into Arab thinking and a readiness to make a deal. The Yom Kippur war, the grave internal problems of Israel and the courting of the Arab states by the community of nations had created among the Arabs the conviction that Israel was on the run, disintegrating, disoriented and abandoned by all. That extraordinary feat of courage, ingenuity and organization is bound to make many Arabs pause and think, especially in the light of the butchery that is going on in the Lebanon, the incredible inter-Arab diplomatic somersaults, the sorry plight of the Palestinian refugees in the Lebanese camps, snd the impasse and the defeats which threaten the PLO with strangulation from the hands of its patrons of yesterday.

The Arab leadership in the occupied territories may one of these days pick up courage to emancipate itself from the PLO and other outside agencies and organize itself to treat with the Israeli government, which on its part will then be duty bound to respond, with or without the concurrence of Jordan. In the meantime, Israel will still be scolded for its dithering behavior, for interfering directly or through its desperately anxious brethren in the diaspora, with the policies of the great powers, for endangering their interests, meddling in their internal party politics—an unheard of thing in the United States. It is threatened with the spectre of a new wave of anti-Semitism, bullied with hints about dual loyalty, when all it wants is, after all, just to stay alive, afloat and tolerably safe, free to contribute in its own way to the wonderfully knit tapestry of world civilization and humanity's quest for a just society.

Even when all allowances are made for the part which irresolute and misguided behavior, unwise and rash pronouncements by Israeli politicians may have played in alienating sympathy, there still remains the fundamental truth that somehow the Jewish right to live and to exist on a basis of genuine equality, as a right, and not on sufferance or in return for some special excellence, is not yet taken for granted as natural and obvious by the world.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Men vs. Women

Alpha Beta (Cine III). Four or five years ago I read English reviews of a domestic drama called *Alpha Beta* by E.A. Whitehead, a two-character piece performed in London by Albert Finney and Rachel Roberts. It sounded like a skin-stripping suburban cannibalism rite, and when it was done off-Broadway I went to see it. Without Finney and Roberts the rite seemed more patterned than passionate, like a lethal gavotte. Now there's a film of *Alpha Beta* with Finney and Roberts, made in 1972—a modest "film of the play" but that's quite sufficient for the piece. The drama as such seems no deeper than it did, but the two performances give the film fire and also, paradoxically, give it a stylistically hybrid quality.

The play/film is set in the Liverpool outskirts and has three acts/sequences, two in the '60s and one in the early '70s. Despite the period, the basic bitter love-hate-possession struggle between the husband and wife seems late Victorian. It's the stuff of H.G. Wells. In several of Wells' novels and in his autobiography he tells of the misery of late Victorian and Edwardian wives who feared or hated sex and of husbands who might possibly have loved their wives, who often wanted to, but were driven elsewhere by sexual imagination and needs. Historically we can now see that the wives were as victimized by conditioning as the men were by the same conditioning. At that moment, however, it looked like a struggle between well-meaning but warped women and life-discovering men. (And the rare woman who could have sex joyously was of course miraculous to the man lucky enough to find her.)

In *Alpha Beta* it's the same late Victorian trouble. All the snarling, physical tussling, household dreariness, the tortured attempts to understand the other person, are rooted in "old-fashioned" sexual frustrations. The wife saved her virginity for marriage; then marital sex, possibly just because of that saving, turned her off. She managed to have two children, and that was that. The husband hates smuttiness, is sickened by the dirty jokes his repressed pals tell in the pubs—including his father-in-law who was so strict with his daughter before her marriage; but the husband wants the liberated sex life he can imagine.

Rigid puritanism is hardly dead in the world. (Last winter in Crete, parents told me that they don't allow their daughters to date, even perfectly respectably toward marriage: courtships have to be carried on *sub rosa* as ma and pa did theirs.) I'm not denying—how could I?—the truth of Whitehead's play. I note only that the issue is, in 20th-century British-American literature and drama, a stale one and, despite the bite of much of his dialogue, he cannot make it much more than a clinical oddity today, wretched but remote.

The stylistic paradox comes from those two strong performances by Finney and Roberts. First, though the characters are not identical, Finney's husband has some of the broiling truculence he had as the feisty sexy young factory-worker in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* (1961), and Roberts' housewife has some of the same sexual knottiness as her widow in *This Sporting Life* (1963). Second, their very methods as actors, their choices (to use a current cant term among actors), operate against traditional symbols, are graphed closer to psychological nuance. Thus it all seems a drama of 1900 done by two highly contemporary actors who carry with them strong reminders of the 1960s. It's almost like seeing a 75-year-old play in modern dress.

Some of the film slashes and all of it is grueling, but, for all its honesty, after we've been through the anguish, it doesn't seem sufficiently worthwhile. Unlike *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, to take a midcentury dollop of marital hell, *Alpha Beta* never seems much more than a sad sociological case.

Anthony Page, who directed the first production of *Alpha Beta* at the Royal Court (and who also directed there the best production of *Hedda Gabler* I have seen), struggles to keep the play from seeming cabined and cribbed. In fact, struggles a bit too hard. If he had accepted that this was a filmed play, we could have done so, too. Anyway, he handles his actors very well. Charles Stewart's photography is flat and unfeeling. A domestic-interior film like this, as Ingmar Bergman knows, needs at least as much subtlety as outdoor stuff with mountains and sunsets.

Let's Talk about Men (Allied Artists). More man/woman antagonisms, quite differently conceived.

Inevitably, because of Lina Wertmüller's current success in this country and because of the controversy about her and that success, an early film of hers has been imported. The most pleasant thing about this picture is that it's not quite as much of a disaster as this sort of retrieval usually is.

There are four separate episodes—the very idea of four episodes dates the picture—with a thin sketch that winds among them to keep them from falling right off the screen. Wertmüller is credited with the script, with various assists on each story. In all four and the sketch the star is Nino Manfredi, who is a competent actor but who simply doesn't have the personality or talent to justify our looking at him so much. One role per picture is enough for Manfredi. This structure implies that we're going to see a real virtuoso at work: we don't, despite Manfredi's best efforts with lisps and dialects, despite busy costumers and makeup men. The finest Italian hand at this kind of display is still Marcello Mastroianni, as in *Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*. (A poster of that picture is visible here, possibly in homage.)

I won't dwell on the stories. Only two points are of real interest. First, Wertmüller shows the influence of Fellini to whom she had been assistant on *8½* a few years before—the swinging ceiling

Films Worth Seeing

The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings. Warm sprawling fun about black baseball players pre-Jackie Robinson.

The Clockmaker. French film about the father of a young murderer and the detective in charge of the case. Politically glib but exceptionally moving.

The Shootist. Clunky Western script but John Wayne presents John Wayne Incorporated very nicely. James Stewart jimmies open a supporting role.

Silent Movie. Mel Brooks' best—less frenetic, so amusing much of the time, with a kind of companionable charm.

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light as in that film's harem scene, the episode set in a circus. Second, the four episodes all have to do with male vanity, male duplicity, male oppressiveness. I wonder whether this fact stood out so clearly when the film was first shown 10 years ago.

Obsession (Columbia). Garbage of a special stench. In 1968 Brian De Palma wrote and directed a skimpy and stilted picture called *Murder à la Mod*, which he referred to as "my Hitchcock period." Now, after a number of other pictures, he has reached Big-Budget-Land and can return to Hitchcock-imitation wrapped in figurative mink. But the increased expenditure does nothing but increase the offensiveness. Even as parody, which it isn't, it would be rotten.

Paul Schrader, the author of *Taxi Driver* and *The Yakuza*, also the author of a book called *Transcendental Style*, who gives high-toned interviews about his theological education and his special spiritual stance in the Hollywood jungle, wrote this ludicrous romantic thriller which is supposed to suggest some sort of relation to the Hitchcock-Coppel-Taylor *Vertigo*. If I call this script incredible, I exaggerate my interest: I never really cared enough to be bothered by the holes.

In New Orleans Cliff Robertson is a businessman whose wife and child are kidnapped and (presumably) killed in 1959 and who marries a lookalike of his dead wife in 1975. (Genevieve Bujold doing her best.) John Lithgow is directed and photographed in such a way, as Robertson's partner, that from Moment One he might as well wear a sign saying "Villain." De Palma has smothered the film with stupidly heavy camerawork, including one shot up Bujold's left nostril and a conclusion in which he circles repeatedly around an embracing pair in a way I haven't seen since Stanley Kramer's *On the Beach*. I hope the late Bernard Herrmann is resting in peace, which is more than his score for this picture lets us do.

Lillian Hellman

by John Hersey

Lillian Hellman has long been known as a moral force, almost an institution of conscience for the rest of us—but my view is that her influence, and her help to us, derive rather from something larger: the picture she gives of a *life* force.

It is the complexity of this organism that stuns and quickens us. Energy, gifts put to work, anger, wit, potent sexuality, wild generosity, a laugh that can split your eardrums, fire in every action, drama in every anecdote, a ferocious sense of justice, personal loyalty raised to the power of passion, fantastic legs and easily turned ankles, smart clothes, a strong stomach, an affinity with the mothering sea, vanity but scorn of all conceit, love of money and gladness in parting with it, a hidden religious streak but an open hatred of piety, a yearning for compliments but a loathing for flattery, fine cookery, a smashing style in speech and manners, unflagging curiosity, fully liberated female aggressiveness when it is needed yet a whiff, now and then, of old-fashioned feminine masochism, fear however of nothing but being afraid, prankishness, flirtatious eyes, a libertine spirit, Puritanism, rebelliousness. . . .

Rebelliousness above all. Rebelliousness is an essence of her vitality—that creative sort of dissatisfaction which shouts out, "Life ought to be better than this!" Every great artist is a rebel. The maker's search for new forms—for ways of testing the givens—is in her a fierce rebellion against what has been accepted and acclaimed and taken for granted. And a deep, deep, rebellious anger against the great cheat of human existence, which is death, feeds her love of life and gives bite to her enjoyment of every minute of it. This rebelliousness, this anger, Lillian Hellman has in unusually great measure, and they are at the heart of the complex vibrancy we feel in her.

But all the attributes I have listed are only the beginnings of her variousness. She has experienced so much! She has had an abortion. She has been analyzed. She has been, and still is, an ambulatory

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chimney. She drinks her whiskey neat. She has been married and divorced. She has picked up vast amounts of higgledy-piggledy learning, such as how to decapitate a snapping turtle, and I understand that as soon as she completes her dissertation, said to be startlingly rich in research, she will have earned the degree of Doctor of Carnal Knowledge. This is in spite of the fact that during a long black period of American history she imposed celibacy on herself. She will admit, if pressed, that she was the sweetest-smelling baby in New Orleans. As a child she knew gangsters and whores. She has been a liberated woman ever since she played hookey from grade school and perched with her fantasies in the hidden fig tree in the yard of her aunts' boarding house. She is so liberated that she is not at all afraid of the kitchen. She can pluck and cook a goose, and her spaghetti with clam sauce begs belief. She can use an embroidery hoop. She knows how to use a gun. She cares with a passion whether bedsheets are clean. She grows the most amazing roses which are widely thought to be homosexual. She speaks very loud to foreigners, believing the language barrier can be pierced with decibels. She scarfs her food with splendid animal relish, and I can tell you that she has not vomited since May 23, 1952. She must have caught several thousand fish by now, yet she still squeals like a child when she boats a strong blue. I know no living human being whom so many people consider to be their one best friend.

She is not perfect. Her chromosomes took a little nap when they should have been giving her a sense of direction. "We can't be over Providence," she said, flying up here this morning. "Isn't Providence to the south of Martha's Vineyard?"

I told her it was to the northwest of the Vineyard.

"But when you drive to New York, you go through Providence," she said, "and New York is to the south of us."

I said that the only way to drive directly to New York from Martha's Vineyard would be to drive on water, and that I could think of only one person in history who might have been able to do that.

She said, "You mean Jews can't drive to New York?"

God gave her a gift of an ear for every voice but her own, and when she tries to disguise that voice on the telephone, as she sometimes does, the pure Hellman sound comes ringing through the ruse. "No, Miss Hellman is not here," the voice will say. "Miss Hellman is out." The only thing you can be sure of is that Miss Hellman is in.

She is, I believe, the only National Book Award winner who can claim to have had a father who cured his own case of hemorrhoids with generous applications to them of Colgate's tooth paste.

I am fairly certain that she is the only member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, female or male, who has thwarted an attempted rape by staging a fit of sneezing.

She also has the distinction of being the only author at or near the summit of the best seller lists who has publicly stated that she has always wanted to go to bed with an orangutan.

She is surely the only employee of Sam Goldwyn who ever refused to attend two conferences with the great mogul because of being too busy rolling condoms. (Perhaps I should add, in case you are wondering why this activity was taking place, that it was in the interest of a practical joke.)

Miss Hellman has changed the lives of many people, as teacher or exemplar or scold, and a few people have changed hers. Among these, two stand out:

The first is Sophronia, her wet nurse and the companion of her childhood, and, her father would say, the only control she ever recognized. "Oh, Sophronia, it's you I want back always," Miss Hellman cries out in one of her books. As a kind of pledge of her debt to Sophronia, Miss Hellman sent her the first salary check she ever earned. There is a photograph of this remarkable figure of pride in *An Unfinished Woman*, and looking at it one sees the force of what Miss Hellman writes: "She was an angry woman, and she gave me anger, an uncomfortable, dangerous, and often useful gift." Once, when the child Lillian had seen her father get into a cab with a pretty woman not her mother, Sophronia counselled keeping her mouth shut, saying, "Don't go through life making trouble for people." We all know the stern and dazzling resonance of that advice in Miss Hellman's appearance before the House Un-American Activities Committee in Joe McCarthy's time.

The other person was Dashiell Hammett. With that handsome, sharp-minded, and committed man she had a relationship, off and on, for over 30 years, one which, as she has said, often had "a ragging argumentative tone," but which had "the deep pleasure of continuing interest" and grew and grew into "a passionate affection." Hammett was—and he remains to this day—*her* conscience. He was her artistic conscience, as ruthless with her as he was with himself in his own work, for 10 of her 12 plays. She still makes many a decision by asking herself, sometimes out loud: What would Dash have wanted me to do about this? Death took Hammett and became her enemy.

I have spoken, she herself has spoken, of a religious streak in her. It is hard, perhaps dangerous, to trace or describe it. She is profoundly yet also skeptically Jewish—more in culture and sensibility, obviously, than in faith. She tells of an indiscriminate religiosity that her mother had, dropping in on any handy house of worship. Hers is certainly not like that—yet there is a weird ecumenical something-or-other going here. She writes somewhere of Bohemia bumping into Calvin in her. Calvin! When anything seems unspeakable to her, she will shout "Oy!" and cross herself. When all her beliefs and rituals, serious and playful, are rendered down to their pure state, just this remains: she insists on decency in human transactions.

This places her—a lonely, lonely figure—at the nowhere crossroads of all religions and all politics.

She *is* a moral force, but take a firm grip on your hat!—for the moment will come when the force, operating at high pitch, will suddenly go up in smoke before

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your eyes, and in its place will stand pure caprice. This is sometimes a mischievous 13-year-old girl.

Nothing gives this girl greater pleasure than to be shocking. She knows I was born in China and love and respect the Chinese, so whenever I'm around, her universe is suddenly thronged with chinks. Niggers, kikes and idiot WASPs crowd tales told to prim folks. Bad food—even if it is bad lox and bagels—is always "goy dreck." She incessantly offers TL's—"trade lasts," compliments spoken by absent parties and offered on a barter basis (there was one in *The Children's Hour*)—but again, be wary: what she gives in exchange often has an ironic barb in it.

If she says, "Forgive me," my advice is to back away. This is a signal for the final blunt blow in an argument. In Vineyard Haven, she and my wife and I have a mutual neighbor, a willful lady whom I shall call, as Miss Hellman calls all women who should be nameless or whose names she has forgotten, Mrs. Gigglewitz. Miss Hellman met Mrs. Gigglewitz downtown one day, and the latter began to complain about the noise certain neighborhood dogs made. One of them, she said, was that awful Hersey dog. The fact of the matter was that our dog could bark—but seldom did. Miss Hellman's powerful senses of loyalty and justice were instantly mobilized.

"I don't think you hear the Hersey dog," she said.

"Oh, yes," the woman blithely said, "it makes a hell of a racket every morning."

"No," Miss Hellman said, "their dog is exceptionally quiet."

"*Quiet?* It barks all day."

"I think you're mistaken." Any ear but Mrs. Gigglewitz's would have heard the sharpness in the voice.

"I'm not mistaken. It makes a terrible racket."

"Forgive me, Mrs. Gigglewitz," Miss Hellman then said. "I happen to know that the Hersey dog has been operated on to have its vocal cords removed."

Miss Hellman's powers of invention are fed by her remarkable memory and her ravenous curiosity. Her father once said she lived "within a question mark." She defines culture as "applied curiosity." She is always on what she calls "the find-out kick." How long is that boat? How was this cooked? What year was

that? All this questioning is part of her extended youthfulness. More than three decades ago she wrote, and it is still as fresh in her as ever, "If I did not hope to grow, I would not hope to live."

We must come back around the circle now to the rebelliousness, the life-force anger, with which Miss Hellman does live, still growing every day. There was a year of sharp turn toward rebelliousness in her, when she was 13 or 14. By the late 1930s or early '40s, she had realized that no political party would be able to contain this quality of hers. Yet the pepper in her psyche—her touchiness, her hatred of being physically pushed even by accident, her out-of-control anger whenever she feels she had been dealt with unjustly—all have contributed in the end to her being radically political while essentially remaining outside formal politics. Radically, I mean, in the sense of "at the root." She cuts through all ideologies to their taproot: to the decency their adherents universally profess but almost never deliver. "Since when," she has written, "do you have to agree with people to defend them from injustice?" Her response to McCarthyism was not ideological, it was, "I will not do this indecent thing. Go jump in the lake." Richard Nixon has testified under oath that her Committee for Public Justice frightened J. Edgar Hoover into discontinuing illegal wiretaps. How? By shaming.

Lillian Hellman is popular now, and needed now, because her stern code touches the national nerve at just the right moment—after Nixonism . . . before what?

Important as this is, our need for her, as I suggested at the outset, is far larger than that. In her plays, in her writings out of memory, above all in her juicy, resonant, headlong, passionate self, she gives us glimpses of *all* the possibilities of life on this mixed-up earth. In return we can only thank her, honor her, and try to live as wholeheartedly as she does.

She and I share a love of the sea. We fish often together. Coming back in around West Chop in the evening light I sometimes see her standing by the starboard coaming looking across the water. All anger is calm in her then. But there is an intensity in her gaze, almost as if she could see things hidden from the rest of us. What is it? Can she see the years in the waves?

John Hersey, author of *A Bell for Adano, Hiroshima, My Petition for More Space*, and many other books, wrote this homage to Lillian Hellman on the occasion of her receiving the MacDowell Prize, previously awarded to Edmund Wilson, Eudora Welty, Norman Mailer, Edward Hopper and Georgia O'Keeffe.

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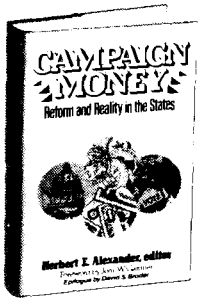

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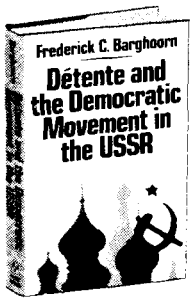

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Books Considered

Going Crazy: An Inquiry into Madness In Our Time by Otto Friedrich

(Simon & Schuster; $9.95)

Going crazy is just about as many things as there are humans to experience the thing, so to put it: it is artful, artless, sophisticated, naïve, immensely painful, unaccountably hilarious (to the traveler himself; it is almost never laughable to witnesses, they tend to be frightened of another's experience). Going crazy enlarges the soul, but it belittles the persona, or prose.

Being crazy on the other hand is probably constant, a circumstance not unlike the circumstance of drawing breath: if you're doing that, you are being crazy, but of course in the traditional and tolerable madness which may be summed up in sayings like hello, how are you, did you murder your father this morning, or last night? (For all anybody else notices what you say, accepting blindly your neutral tone of voice and manner of muscular involvement in getting along with time, place, parentage, strangers, friends, enemies, and all those weird souls who are always there beside everybody else but slightly invisible.)

And Otto Fredrich has written a book about it that reads beautifully from the first word to the last—beautifully because while he tells just about everything he has to tell neatly, he hasn't got time to fool around being extra-literary: the fact is the writing is only an edge beyond journalism, which seems be the language of our time: poetry's obscurity constitutes a magical order of madness: and good prose is incapable of involving itself in the lumber, furniture, pipe lines and railroad tracks of ritual connections and maps, showing the route to conclusion, or Samarra, or as mad August Strindberg put it about a century ago, to Damascus.

What do you do about being born crazy? Your father is clearly a madman from away back. Your mother is a conspirator in the theory that putting forth new specimens out of the old sleeping or jumping genes has got to be not only for the good of the general weal and woe but for the new specimen himself: be thankful you ungrateful wretch; you've got all of us ancestors standing back of you with a magnificent record of sanity and all-around excellence.

And the kid looks back and thinks but doesn't say, Is that so? Then, why do I feel you are liars, thieves and murderers, who wouldn't be here at all if you hadn't always been?

But no sensible lad or lass says such a thing to matre and patre.

The thing that is said is something like, Were we really always royalty until great-grandfather came to America?

But what about death, then?

Isn't death the biggest order of craziness badgering the lucky victim of birth from the moment he comes to memory, reason and suspicion?

What's wrong with paranoia?

And how frequently does anybody hear of a specialist who says, Well, if he says he's Jesus, why don't we start by believing that he is. If he says Joan of Arc, let's look into his feeling for comedy or non-penis envy. Jesus said he was Jesus, didn't he? Joan said she was Joan, didn't she? Has there been anybody who didn't come to reality, to character even, without following an example, or without imitation?

He says he's Richard Nixon? Well, he's going to need everything we've got in the way of patience and largeness of science. It isn't that he probably isn't Richard Nixon, it's more how and why he is. And so on.

Otto Friedrich tells about fathers and sons, an ancient preoccupation of the human race and story but lately freshened by some very good writers eager to come to terms with themselves by finding how to transform a seeming loathing for Da, as the Irish put it, or Pop, as the Italians put it, into a revelation that the hairy fellow was indeed always actually the son himself once removed.

But what good is *that*, since most of the people who are mad hate themselves, and at the same time, like many of the people in this book, are busy in routine ambitions related to effectuality in sex, family, money, fame, importance and clothes.

It is sad that the writer in English of this century who most influenced writers all over the world, Ernest Hemingway, turned out to be so desperately unwhole when he might

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have been expected to be something else. What else? Well, equal not to suffering because at 60 he was not who had been at 16 or 26—but he suffered. And suffered. Until he did what his father before him had done.

Now, there is absolutely nothing wrong with committing suicide, if it's really what you want to do, if it's not in fact another kind of act entirely. But these words, these are words, nobody knows anything at all about anybody else. Only the things that *happen* are catalogued, segregated, weighed and measured, not why or how. But there *are* suicides that are probably no more acts of insanity than travel to a foreign country.

What *is* going crazy?

Otto Friedrich's book seems to suggest that it is a failure to cope, as a consequence most of the time of frustration, prolonged and finally as unbearable as the frustration of the over-exhausted bull at the hands of human tricksters and jeering cowards (or heroes) watching the game, now jeering the bull, now the man, always jeering the safety of being only a spectator.

Well, *do* spectators go crazy? And if they do, is it quietly, or is it precisely the same as when the fighter in the arena goes crazy?

The answer is nobody's insanity is like anybody else's. Only God, as the saying is, could possibly be aware of the true and unique form, force, meaning and truth of anybody's having gone crazy and having arrived at insanity. Szasz says there is no such thing. Well, that seems reasonable enough.

And so when father, mother, brother, wife, husband, son, daughter, friend, enemy, stranger, cop or boss has somebody committed, Szasz says a crime has been committed. Every human being has the right to do what he likes with himself and his allottment of humanity, and his life.

Anybody being forced to go with rather ugly strangers to a looneybin is bound to be at least a little annoyed, as so many of the characters in this book are, and they will use rather profane language upon their persecutors, as Frances Farmer did upon her mother.

But Zelda Fitzgerald found her committments opportunities for serenity, order, comfort and even enlarged or improved love for Scott. He in turn didn't want her to write novels about their marriage because he was a professional novelist and their marriage was his exclusive property.

Well, what about that? In a marriage, who owns the agony?

In an affair, who owns the secret? Well, of course the answer is that in everything everybody owns whatever he can identify, just as it has long been the custom for people to be given ownership in all the land they can run around from daybreak to sunset.

But even after Zelda identified her private property and put it in a novel called *Save Me the Waltz*, it didn't help too much—she was not put back in time to her youth, and the book did not make her rich and famous, as Scott's books had early along in his comparatively short career—certainly, as he bragged, for a while, he was the highest-paid short story writer in the world.

My son, 10 or 11 years ago, asked me to please read a story by Scott Fitzgerald, because it was the greatest story my son ever read. I read it and told my son it was a fraudulent story and pointed out why. My son listened with respect, and even though I had deprived him of a very important feeling about a piece of writing, he said with decent grace, I see what you mean, and I think you're right.

But Scott Fitzgerald in other stories (I can't remember the name of that particular one, but it *was* very simply fraudulent) wrote magnificently.

Hemingway once summed up the flaw in Scott's marriage to Zelda, in about six parts, the last of which was, And you're a ninny, or something of that sort.

It's easy to call names, but the fact is Hemingway was never "in love" with Zelda, never was "married" to her, he really didn't know what he was talking about.

Some of the biggest things in this big book that most readers will be glad to have and to hold is the clear evidence by the parties themselves that psychoanalysis is just fine if you enjoy spending big money for nothing, or certainly nothing better than being flabby about identifying yourself and facing up to your reality.

The book also suggests that shock treatments do fairly useful if temporary things but that such treatments are evasive and in the end they do a lot of damage that letting insanity run its course may not have done.

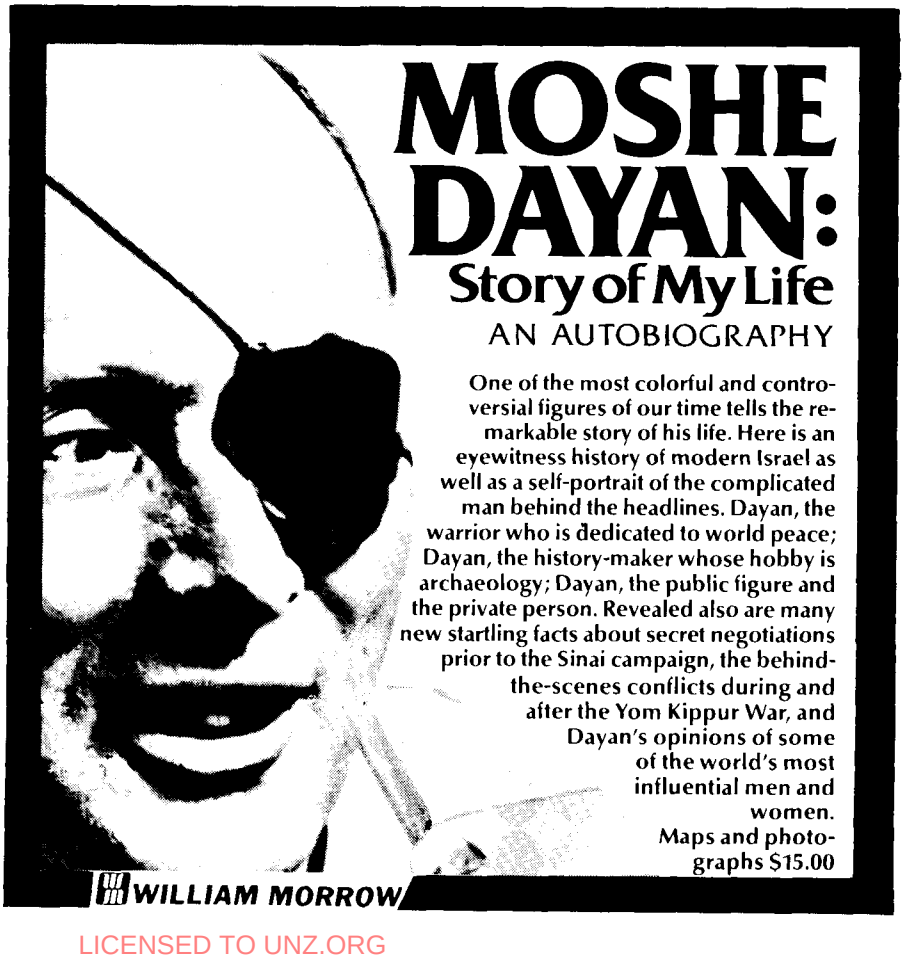
And lobotomies aren't the answer, either.

What is the answer?

Yourself, whoever you are, however you are whoever you are.

Even if this means murder or suicide?

Yes, that seems to be what it comes to, but don't forget that the choice is always open: instead of murder or suicide, it could be work, art, love, charity and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children.

Or loafing, irresponsiblity without guilt, travel (free, as thousands all over the world still travel), change of scene, the taking of a job in a new field, the taking up of a new interest, like bacteriology. Or just looking, as the saying in department stores is.

Otto Friedrich has written a popular book about an unpopular if universal order of human action—going crazy. Everybody goes, everybody *has* to go, not going is the saddest order of going, and so face up to it, don't be surprised, don't feel alone, don't hide it and don't worry about somebody noticing and pointing a finger.

Going crazy isn't fun, but this book suggests that it also need not be fatal.

Or instead of going crazy you can read this book and let everybody else go crazy for you.

But if you happen to get paresis, as Guy de Maupassant did, that's something else again. That is the non-esthetic order of going. It has made a fool of many magnificent human beings—the crowning *inglory* of unattended syphilis. You don't pay a hundred dollars for 50 minutes at a psychiatrist's when you have paresis. Maupassant tried many times to stop his degradation through suicide but was stopped first by his faithful manservant and later by the custodians at the asylum where he finally died. But de Maupassant is not in the fine index of *Going Crazy*, he is not in the book, and rightfully: and neither is Al Capone, who had the same disease.

But the big names of our age are all here and very puzzling: Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini, Roosevelt, but not Churchill. Were any of these crazy? Each, but each in his own way: beautiful crazy or ugly crazy?

The human experience, one person at a time, has always been likely at any moment to be too much for that one person, that's what it comes to. And sooner or later it is too much for him, and he is said to have gone crazy.

Now, the human collectively is beginning to be too much for itself, and when the nuclear booms begin to be heard we will know that we have found out how to go crazy universally. And won't that be the day, at last? Or won't it?

Otto Friedrich's *Going Crazy* is just what the doctor ordered.

William Saroyan

William Saroyan's most recent book is *Sons Come and Go, but Mothers Hang in Forever* (McGraw-Hill).

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Passages: Predictable Crises of Adult Life by Gail Sheehy

(Dutton; $9.95)

This book is getting a lot of attention. The personality theorists from whom journalist Sheehy has learned—some allege stolen—are dismissing it as pop psychology. Paperback rights have already been sold for a quarter million. Can Truffaut and the Maysles be far behind?

I'd have to go with Woody Allen. For, while important, this book is too damn *serious*. It will scare the pants off a lot of people. For Sheehy has hit many of us where we live—or used to. Before, that is, we hit the "Dead-line Decade" of the mid-30s (for women) and early 40s (more typical of men). This is the time, according to Sheehy, when we seem to discover we are going in different directions. As the man's professional (Sheehy is concerned primarily with the middle class) aspirations begin to level off and perhaps even to seem fraudulent, the woman's are often just emerging. Couples long out of sync seem to discover this for the first time, and find their gears—most dramatically, their sexual ones—increasingly unable to mesh. As he becomes aware of his physical limitations, particularly his sexual performance (the common term speaks volumes), her sap is on the rise. And she begins to look beyond the bedroom—perhaps as far as the boardroom. The result: affairs, impotence, divorce, runaway wives. Or lives of quiet desperation: less bangs, more whimpers.

"A fine mess!" (Hardy to Laurel). How do we get ourselves into it? For personal and professional reasons, Sheehy—a fine investigative reporter whose study of the working girls and the men (pimps and property owners) who live off them first appeared in *New York* magazine and were pulled together in *Hustling*—was interested in finding out how much was known about what she terms the "mid-life transition." She soon found out: not much. The best work is literary. Despite Erik Erikson's formulations in the 1950s, "stage theory" has never been very cordially received by social scientists. Most have accepted the conventional wisdom that identities are fixed rather early, with the rest of one's life spent acting out unresolved oedipal complexes or scripts. But Sheehy discovered the fairly recent work of such researchers and theorists as Levinson, Loevinger, Neugarten and Gould, and found it explained a lot of what was happening to her and those she was getting to know.

In the first half of the book, Sheehy rehearses the rather familiar saga of how "identity crises" are apparently solved in one's 20s. Men take on the expected characteristics of their vocational roles, women accept their lot as nurturers with derived status (and at least temporarily foreclosed identities). Sex role differences still prevail—indeed, predominate—a fact those of us who have spent some time with *The Assertive Woman* or *The Male Machine* tend to overlook—Susan Brownmiller notwithstanding. This is familiar ground. Anyone to the left of Marabel Morgan (*The Total Woman*) is aware of the pattern. But then come the 30s, and any woman who has not been totalled begins to have some doubts. For their own reasons, men also begin to see

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the dark at the end of the tunnel, and things—like marriages of seven years—begin to come unstuck. Crisis time.

The term should not be taken too literally. For Erikson—whose definition Sheehy accepts—"crisis" connotes not catastrophe, but a time of both increased vulnerability, and heightened potential for change. Unlike the common challenges of childhood and adolescence, adult "crises"are the result of situational changes that are sufficiently demanding as to upset equilibrium, but not so great as to produce regression to more comfortable (and limiting) behavior. We all have at least one time of crisis—Sheehy prefers "passage"—most of us more. And these are somewhat predictable, as to typical times and themes. Which does not mean we are clones. But, to the extent that middle-class men and women have been exposed to similar socializing influences, their "passages" are not significantly dissimilar. (Or have not been: Sheehy's 115 "subjects" grew up in the '50s; perhaps the adolescents of the '70s will find our crises hilarious if they come upon the book in their own mid-lives.)

One has to be a black humorist to find them so now. Most of us will find some familiar faces in the second half of the book, where Sheehy outlines the stages of mid-life, with generous chunks of case history. (Honorable is the person who will resist sending a marked-up copy to an ex-mate or former lover.) The chapter on the "Switch-40s" is particularly intriguing. Fitzgerald was wrong: there are (or *can* be) second acts in American lives. Couple contracts may have to be renegotiated; they are not the same people. He may become more "feminine," and she more "masculine," as each "gropes toward authenticity."

Writing descriptive narrative, Sheehy is good. Her style is lively, if at times a shade cute (*e.g.* , ". . .born with a set of glands that could sweat only in a herringbone pattern"). But this is about the depth of her sense of humor. Or of the absurd. She runs the risk her subjects do: taking themselves too seriously.

At the same time, Sheehy can be faulted for no taking her task seriously enough. What is missing is more than quick asides, usually references to Erikson, about what it is we might expect to become. We are assured that mid-life Sturm und Drang is common, that we can emerge around 50 reasonably whole. Some mention is made of achieving integrity, or Erikson's "generativity." But the reader will be forgiven if she is puzzled as to how this is to come about. This is not a criticism of Sheehy's failure to produce a "how to do it" book. We have had enough popular mechanics. But she offers no vision of what a workable synthesis of creatively negotiated "passages" might look like. One gets a sense of the *process* by reading the case histories. But those chosen for the final chapters seem to have been picked for dramatic effect. Most of us do not want to solve our problems of identity diffusion in the ways illustrated. Perhaps Sheehy's vagueness here is grounded in her own conviction that we are, in the last analysis, "confronted with our own absolute separateness," with Thurber's Embraceable Impasse. But it would not seem to be asking too much of Sheehy that she provide us with a little more to work with than a quotation from *The Velveteen Rabbit*.

Robert Hassenger

Robert Hassenger is an associate dean at Empire State College, State University of New York.

Zone of the Interior by Clancy Sigal

(Crowell; $8.95)

"Madness" has come a long way in several centuries—from the ships of fools and the entertainments afforded visitors to London's Bedlam to the humanizing recommendations of Pinel in 19th century France, and eventually into contemporary controversies within the psychiatric establishment, fanned by Thomas Szasz and R.D. Laing. Though insanity has permeated artistic expression during that same time period—through the perspectives of both observers and participants—it is hard to think of another recent writer (including Ken Kesey, in his now almost classic *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*) who has mined its comic possibilities as richly as Clancy Sigal has done in *Zone of the Interior*. What is so remarkable about this fictionalization of the '60s counter-culture invasion of the thin membrane separating illumination from psychosis is the way Sigal exposes the excesses of the madness school of inner development without sacrificing compassion for

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the genuine sufferers.

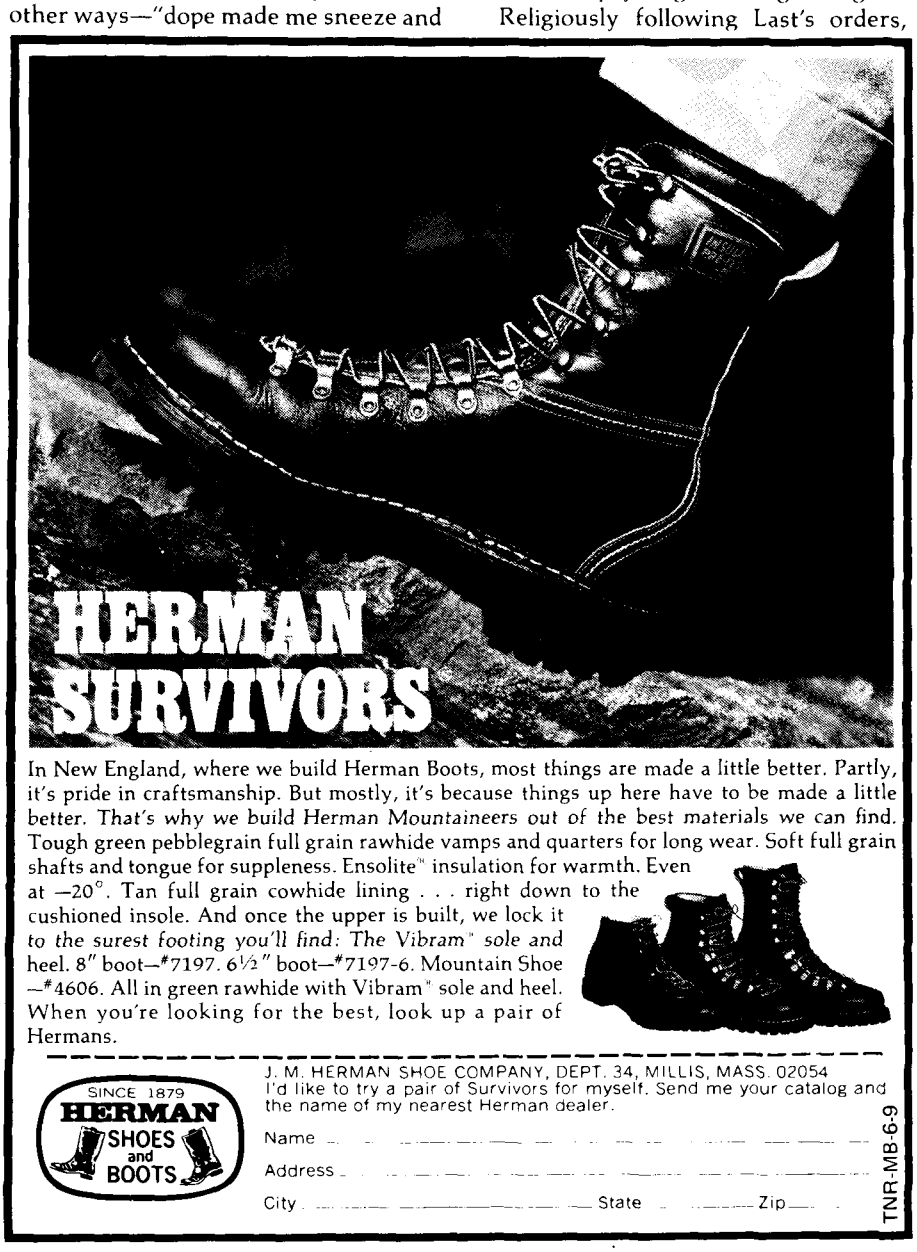
The protagonist of this satirical odyssey (and *roman à clef*) is a radical expatriot American journalist, Sid Bell, a thin disguise for the author himself. Plagued by *angst*, Bell seeks a psychological guide who will help him sort out his inner problems. In time he finds his guru in Willie Last, Sigal's devastating parody of the R.D. Laing approach to mental illness. Throughout the novel, Last supplies much of the rhetorical bombast that keeps Sid Bell jumping through metaphysical hoops and the reader laughing. Last's gift for tautologies and verbal double-speak emerges, complete with Scottish brogue, in such observations as "Th' life ye're tryin' tae grab is th' yew tha's tryin' tae grab it."

Though Sid Bell confesses at the beginning of his Quest that despite his radical politics he is relatively straight in other ways—"dope made me sneeze and I fell asleep during orgies"—he finds himself tripping on LSD with Last in pursuit of the Great Illumination. Voyaging in time and space, he learns *en route* about Willie Last's own crusade toward the inner light, led by the schizophrenics who are the "existential guerrillas" of the consciousness revolution. In the process of seeking the solution to the Universal Jigsaw Puzzle, Sid passes through several distinct states or "zones" of the interior landscape, as well as several actual institutions that produce and/or suppress madness of various kinds. First he spends a nine-month gestation period purging his idealism about America through leftist journalism and civil rights activities, and then returns to Last and London—destined for "China," the code word for the East or "'innair world' where Zen, Buddhism, mental illness and psychogenic drugs merge."

Religiously following Last's orders, Sid installs himself as a staff observer and later the resident shaman of a progressive wing of male schizophrenic patients in a London hospital. There he meets (and Sigal creates) an unforgettable cast of characters whose behavior is no crazier than Bell's own earnest pursuit of madness. Sid's initiation at the hospital is a necessary prerequisite in Last's plan to create a model therapeutic community where schizophrenics can "go sane" and pilgrims of the light can undertake their schizophrenic journeys. Sid's "lantern slide" vignettes of patients and acquaintances from a collective psychobiography of the times. Sigal successfully distinguishes between the inmates of the ward like Herb Greaves (who spouts such rhyming couplets as "Lessing's/No blessing/Braine's/On the Wain" as Sigal namedrops the butts of his satire from time to time) or Clement Attlee Woodford (who observes that "there are fashions even in madness. And we're 'in' this season")—and the would-be mind healers of various stripes, like Last. The former are sympathetic; the latter are ludicrous and in some cases even dangerous.

Bell samples the oriental smorgasbord of the mind expansion fads, from macrobiotic diet, yoga, meditation, I Ching, Tai Chi and Zen, to acid, sexual abstinence, science fiction, reincarnation and occult—the "mystico-existentialist sundae" that follows "post-Stalinist Socialist humanism, Christian Marxism, existentialism, Freudian revisionism, and even the later developments in Malcolm X's thought—all the recent trends." When he has doubts about his progress or his state of mind, Last is always there to reassure him that he is among the psychological insurgents charting the new routes to the Interior. Meanwhile Last himself becomes a protean representative of each new outpost conquered on the Way.

Meditation Manor (a fictionalization of Laing's therapeutic community, Kingsley Hall, complete with both esoteric and garden varieties of insanity) becomes a reality, and Last enthusiastically assumes the position of guru in his ashram for schizophrenics and their fellow travelers. Amidst the general competition to go crazy, Sid renews his effort to go "creatively mad," fighting off scepticism when he observes the politics of madness working with rather than against class, privilege and money. Even international diplomacy finds its way into



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Sigal's satire: a group of Russian psychiatrists visit the radical psychiatric commune in which staff and patients are virtually indistinguishable from one another, and exchange the very kinds of mis-communications that in Laingian terms illustrate the sources of insanity. The double bind functions with a vengeance on all levels of sane and insane reality.

Sid's hard work at losing his deeply entrenched sanity finally pays off; the ultimate vision of his Final Trip is a magnificently appropriate one, too good to spoil for the reader by describing it here. Having played the madness game to its conclusion, he learns that the only way back out from the zone of the interior is to continue to play mad until he shakes off his well-meaning gurus. He recognizes that his real insanity was to have been taken in so far by the silliness—and, more seriously, the destructiveness—of the game itself. What brings Sid Bell down to the mundane plane of reality is the sobering deaths of two friends whose real psychic disturbances were too lightly dismissed by the ecstasy-seekers working out their transcendental salvations. Theory is punctured by "praxis," and Last's self-confessed "we are th' disease we're tryin' tae cure" is the ironic truth of Sid's odyssey.

Sigal's novel is a marvel of verbal pyrotechnics, as he takes the reader through the psychic guerrilla warfare of the counter-culture, mercilessly exposing the rhetoric underlying the links between the "fascism of irrationalism," drugs, leftist politics, and the politics of madness itself. If some of the resident schizophrenics occasionally seem more like caricatures than objects of sympathy, it is to remind us by exaggeration of the excesses committed in the appropriation of schizophrenia into the consciousness movement. Sigal's witty amalgam of mystical, military and political metaphors may skirt slapstick at times, but it never loses sight of its satiric target. *Zone of the Interior* is a comic verbal feast, with a fortune cookie at the end. Madness will never be the same.

Roberta Rubenstein

Roberta Rubenstein teaches modern fiction at American University.

Coming
Peter Bunnell on Walker Evans

The Wild Boy of Aveyron by Harlan Lane

(Harvard; $15)

Early in the year 1800, a pubescent boy came out of the forest in southern France and surrendered himself into the custody of the civilized world. Victor, as he came to be known, was immediately hailed as a providential test case to answer some of the burning scientific and metaphysical questions of the Enlightenment. Eventually he was delivered into the hands of a young doctor, Jean-Marc Itard, who devoted the next five years to the effort of studying and teaching him. Itard went on to become a seminal figure in the education of the deaf, the retarded, and ultimately the normal child. As for Victor, he proved largely refractory to the heroic efforts of his teacher and himself, and died in captivity, nearly as isolated as he had been during the years of his wild existence. In the end, he failed to answer the great scientific questions that were asked of him because, like many test cases, he was not sufficiently generic. He was, rather, an individual with his own history and his own agenda.

The story of Victor's training forms the first half of Harlan Lane's *The Wild Boy of Aveyron*. It is a fascinating description of a pioneering course of behavioral modification. Lane, who is chairman of the psychology department at Northeastern University, illuminates the account with a running critique of Itard's methods, paying due respect to the historical setting, and demonstrating where the technical limitations affected the results. If one learns somewhat more about the operant conditioning of the boy than one cares to know, there is the salvaging grace that Lane writes with clarity and wit. (Why do behaviorists, for the most part, write well, while structuralists are often unintelligible?) He also includes some tenuous but diverting digressions into some of the dramatic events of the French Revolution. One serious drawback is Lane's devotion to the fallacy of the Intrinsic Excitement of the Source, in which a long report, experienced by an exhausted but triumphant researcher as an epiphany, is proudly presented (in small type) to the reader.

Lane provides a context by outlining the intellectual climate in which Itard worked, both from a medical and philosophical point of view. He identifies a number of concerns, crucial to 18th century thinkers, that were brought to focus with the study of Victor. Curiously enough, having raised these concerns, he proceeds largely to ignore them. The question, for example, of innate ideas is given particularly short shrift, which is all the more surprising since it represents one of the great controversies of modern psychology. The older term is not used so much nowadays, and few people are concerned whether man is endowed with a congenital idea of God; but substitute the terms "universal patterns" or "collective unconscious," or, most fashionable, "deep structures," and you can start a psychological *melée* as lively as anything the 18th century ever aspired to.

The latter part of the book is devoted to the influence of Itard on subsequent educators. Lane traces a lineage leading from Condillac before him through Itard and finally coming to Maria Montessori, who studied with one of Itard's pupils. There is also a long section on the problem of teaching language to the deaf, which centers about the struggle between advocates of spoken language and sign language, which continues on into the present day. Despite the book's title, it becomes clear that the

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protagonist is not the Wild Boy of Aveyron, but his teacher, and that Lane's interest is directed primarily toward the historical importance of the training itself, rather than understanding the subject.

Dealing with Victor himself as a person presents the most difficult problem for Lane. In a chapter entitled "Interpreting the Legend," he offers a kind of differential diagnosis of Victor's failure to progress further in his intellectual development, and particularly his inability to learn to speak. Lane dismisses various rival theories, often with some specious logic. His ruling out of autism as a possible explanation betrays an unfamiliarity with the natural history of that condition. Lane cites the fact that Victor, after years of intensive training, exhibited behavior not found in untreated, profoundly autistic children. He also suggests that an autistic child would be less able than a normal one to survive years of isolation, whereas there is reason to believe that this is one situation in which the autistic child would have the advantage.

The definitive explanation founders on the fact that no one knows for how long Victor was in the forest, or why he was left there initially. The crucial question is a developmental one: whether Victor's condition in 1800 represented the result of years of isolation in a normal child, in some respects adaptive, in some regressive; or whether it represented a later version of a child arrested or deviated in his early development. Lane favors the former view, and thinks that Victor could not learn because he has passed a "critical period" for learning based primarily on the capacity to imitate. This is an explanation with a behavioral flavor, leaving unexamined the idea of alternate pathways. Ultimately, the problem of Victor's motivation, which is to say, his whole emotional life, proved to be Itard's stumbling block, and to some extent Lane's as well. It is striking that he breaks off the story abruptly at the end of Itard's training. Ten years later, Victor was described as "fearful and half-wild." Presumably there is little more information, but Lane offers no comment on the implications of this subsequent course. He does not speculate about the boy's experience. In this he retains scientific purity, but he also reflects the view of Victor as "a statue, an animated machine"; or, as one might say today, a black box.

One brief footnote, not to be found in this edition of the book: in 1976, the psychologist Harlan Lane flew off to Burundi to study a boy reputed to have been raised by a tribe of monkeys. Unfortunately, before he could begin his work, his subject was stripped of his credentials by the historian Harlan Lane, who ascertained that the boy had never lived a day of his life with monkeys, that he had been passed from one institution to another, and that in all probability he had been severely brain-damaged by an illness in early childhood. It would be interesting to know if this sobering experience has affected Lane's interpretation of the legend of Victor of Aveyron.

Paul Buttenwieser

Paul Buttenwieser is a psychoanalyst and child psychiatrist practicing in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Insanity Inside Out
by Kenneth Donaldson

(Crown; $9.95)

This book—the story of Ken Donaldson's 15-year battle to win release from an almost medieval Florida mental institution—will undoubtedly generate a broad spectrum of reaction. To some it will reinforce legitimate outrage at an inhumane and mind-warping system that treats mental patients like second-class criminals. To mental health professionals it will be a textbook illustration of the delusions characteristic of the paranoid schizophrenic. To the average reader it will pose a dilemma: which is more significant, the details of Donaldson's commitment and confinement, or his credibility as a critic of coercive psychiatry?

What could have been an important document on the case resulting in last year's landmark Supreme Court decision affirming the rights of mental patients suffers from the author's efforts at self-justification, his inability to clarify the conditions of his commitment, and a style which suggests that Donaldson has not been entirely forthright about his motives or behavior. Nevertheless he effectively conveys the depressing realities of our worst mental hospitals: the lack of even rudimentary therapy, the inadequate psychiatric evaluations on which commitment decisions are often based, the degradation and humiliation that insures that these archaic institutions cannot fulfill their stated objectives.

For years prior to this commitment Donaldson had displayed a variety of behavioral quirks that resulted in his social isolation, and in 1943 he voluntarily entered a New York state psychiatric hospital for observation. In retrospect he attributes this hospitalization to exhaustion; the reader suspects from his account that he was already suffering from the crippling delusions of persecution that began to dominate his personality a few years later.

After his release he spent 14 years in an unsettled pattern of drifting, always fleeing from what he perceived as a malicious conspiracy of slander resulting from the stigma of the ex-patient label. A good point that defines a critical problem for thousands of former patients is obscured by his feelings of overwhelming persecution; stigmatization is one thing, nationwide conspiracies quite another.

Meanwhile he had a relationship with an older widow which he describes in disjointed terms, took up Christian Science, and continued to perceive abnormal interest in his psychiatric past. He also showed a pattern of grandiose plans and limited accomplishment, and by 1957 his parents were sufficiently concerned to sign the commitment papers. He was arrested, jailed, subjected to a cursory psychiatric interview, and committed by a judge to an indefinite stay at the state hospital at Chattahoochee. At no point in the process was he informed of his rights or granted legal advice; at no point was he subjected to the kind of intensive clinical evaluation that would seem in order when denying a person his most basic freedoms.

And at no point during his 15-year stay did he receive effective therapy. The doctors prescribed drugs; Donald-

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son, a Christian Scientist, refused them, at least in part because he rejected their definitions of his role as an incompetent. And so his stay continued as a stalemate; the state was confining him, but the institution was unwilling or unable to provide the kind of treatment implied in the commitment process. The doctors insisted that he accept a drastic, possibly inaccurate diagnosis, while Donaldson refused to acknowledge even the existence of a problem. He was thus placed in a state of limbo, without channels through which to move toward release.

The stalemate was broken by Donaldson's dogged determination to win release through the courts, at the same time establishing precedents that would limit the power of states to continue such abuses. The briefs he prepared on scraps of paper were presented to court after court—and rejected. Donaldson's persistence, and finally his refusal to accept release on terms which would imply agreement with the official diagnosis, compounded his reputation as a troublemaker and increased the pressures to conform to which he was relentlessly subjected.

At the same time one wonders how Donaldson was dealing with the symptoms of paranoid disorder that contributed to his inability to adjust to life on the outside. He does not acknowledge the possibility that his feelings of persecution were delusions, and while at Chattahoochee the perceptions of conspiracy were apparently transferred to the hospital's staff. It is a curious situation: on the outside these feelings appear clearly paranoid, but within the closed system of the institution they may be entirely rational. In this sense the entire hospital experience may have reinforced the adjustment problems it was intended to correct.

Donaldson's stubbornness finally paid off. A Florida court ruled that the doctors at Chattahoochee had violated his constitutional rights, the hospital expedited his release, and the Donaldson case resulted in a Supreme Court decision which, in effect, prohibited involuntary commitment in cases where the state cannot prove that an individual is dangerous to himself or others and unable to survive without the care of an institution. The issue was not Donaldson's mental health: even if he had displayed symptoms of disorder the doctors at Chattahoochee had deprived him of his freedom illegally. Due process, in future cases, would be required to prove the absolute necessity for commitment and continued confinement.

There is more than a bit of self-justification in this book, the characteristic concern of the institutionalized author to convince outside readers of his credibility. Too often—as in the autobiographies of long-time inmates—this style itself reduces their credibility, often unjustly. Donaldson's book serves as both an expose of the commitment process and the conditions at Chattahoochee, and as an act of therepy designed to help the author deal with the tragic waste of 15 years. It is necessary to separate these components for a fair reading.

James David Besser

James David Besser is a free-lance writer in Washington.

Pragmatism and the Tragic Sense of Life by Sidney Hook

(Basic Books; $12.50)

It has been said of Benjamin Franklin and of the typical American that they are pragmatists and have no tragic sense of life, and it is thought that these two characteristics go together—that pragmatism has and can have no place for any such sense of life. Hook's leading theme in this volume is that, whatever is true of Franklin and other Americans, pragmatism, which is a uniquely American type of philosophy, does have a place for that outlook on life; in fact, he seeks to make pragmatism more attractive to us by showing us that it can, does, and even must recognize that life involves serious tragedy.

The volume is, however, not a systematic discussion of pragmatism and the tragic sense of life. It is a collection of essays on a variety of authors and topics, written between 1930 and 1969 for a variety of occasions, and not arranged in chronological order. The essays are, I think, consistent and show no change in point of view, but they do not add up to a clear or complete statement of Hook's philosophy, though they illustrate it in a number of ways. They are divided into two groups, one consisting of "affirmations" about life, pragmatism, intelligence, reason, existentialism, and absolutistic views of

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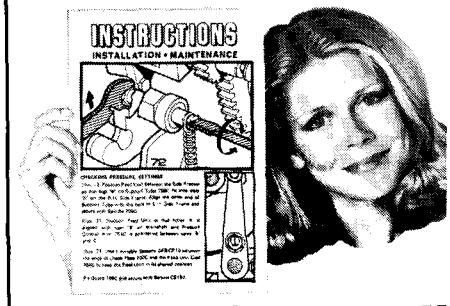

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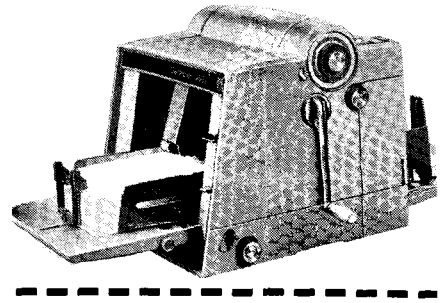

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human rights, the other of "critical and historical studies" of Dewey, Hegel, Hartmann, Popper, Vivas, Reinhold Niebuhr, Tillich, and the Enlightenment. Throughout, Hook is resolutely defending pragmatism, naturalism, liberalism, reason and enlightenment against all kinds of absolutism, authoritarianism, and anti-rationalism. But he is also ringing changes on the theme indicated by his title and first essay, pointing out, for instance, how Hartmann has a tragic sense of life and how Hegel both has and has not (as one might expect). In this review I shall concentrate on matters relating to this theme. On other matters, without being a pragmatist or naturalist, I find much to agree with Hook.

In connection with this theme Hook is holding 1) that pragmatism is correct. It is not entirely clear just what he regards as part of the definition of pragmatism and what he takes to be further truth about it, but I shall take it that pragmatism, as Pierce, Dewey and Hook understand it (as distinct from James) essentially asserts three things: a) that what has meaning equals what can be tested by scientific method, broadly conceived, b) that what is true equals what checks out by the use of this method, and c) that ethical and other value-judgments can be checked out or shown to be true or false by this method. Hook also holds 2) that, in some serious way, life and the world are tragic, though in a way which is compatible with meliorism and so does not entail pessimism; and 3) that pragmatism not only should but can and does recognize this fact as central to its philosophy of life.

About 1a) and 1b) I shall say nothing. About 1c) I do not find Hook's position, as stated in this book, at all clear. In fact, he sometimes insists that there is an element of will or interest in the making of a value judgment in such a way as to cast doubt upon 1c), *e.g.* on pp. xiv, 141-144 and 177. In any case, while Hook clearly rejects all *a priori* theories of ethical and value judgments, it is not clear what he thinks about theories that identify such judgments with scientific judgments of some sort (*i.e.* theories G.E. Moore called "naturalistic"). I believe he would reject them in favor of a view sometimes called "contextualism," but I am not sure (see pp. 73-74, 146). This says that *any* given ethical or value judgment can be checked out by scientific method, *if* (and *only if*) some other ethical or value judgment is assumed, not that it can be confirmed or disconfirmed by science alone.

As for 2)—Hook sometimes speaks as if life in this world is tragic, but this sort of pessimism is not really what he is defending. What he believes is something less drastic, namely, that human life involves serious tragedy and that this tragedy is unavoidable, irremediable and unredeemable. Even this belief is incompatible with most religious views of the world, which Hook sees as not ultimately having a tragic sense of life. By saying that there is tragedy in our world he does not mean only that there is genuine evil which cannot be escaped, eliminated or made good. He means a certain fact about our *moral* lives—the fact that the moral life essentially involves three kinds of conflict: between goods, between the good and the right, and between right and right. Any moral decision is a decision in which one chooses one good and sacrifices another, chooses the good and sacrifices the right or vice versa, or chooses one obligation and violates another. The tragedy is not that we are not all conscientious, nor is it that we are often ignorant, uncertain, taking risks, or making mistakes; it is that even when one is conscientious and unmistaken one is bringing about evil as well as good or doing wrong as well as right, is responsible for doing so, and has no way of escaping the agony—with no God in his heaven to make all right with the world.

My first philosophy teacher once said that a person's maturity can be gauged by his or her conception of tragedy, and Hook's conception is clearly a mature one. Nevertheless, I am not convinced that life does contain quite the kind of tragedy he seems to think it does. If ethical judgments can in principle be made on rational grounds, then, if I am conscientious and unmistaken in my consideration of the conflicting goods or obligations in a certain situation, I may be entirely justified in concluding that I should take a certain course of action, and be entirely in the right morally in taking it, even if some goods get sacrificed or some obligations neglected. What I do may be the best or the right thing to do. Of course, if I am uncertain about the facts in the case or about the goods, evils, or obligations involved, then I may be tragically mistaken. But, where my judgment is correct and I conscientiously act according to it, I need not agonize afterwards, much as I may (and perhaps should) agonize in advance and regret the good lost or the promise unkept. Pragmatism will, of course,

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Apologies to Mr. Ravitch

In the July 24, 1976 article, "The Martin Luther King Memorial Ripoff," a report on the financial infeasibility of the New York State Urban Development Corporation's projects by the New York State Division of Housing and Community Renewal was inadvertently attributed to Mr. Richard Ravitch, chairman of the board of the UDC. In fact, Mr. Ravitch was merely assenting to the findings of the DHCR report as read to him by a Moreland Commission counsel as he was testifying before that body. I sincerely regret the embarrassment to Mr. Ravitch who was brought in by Gov. Hugh Carey to clean up the UDC mess left by Nelson Rockefeller and Edward J. Logue. However, the misattribution in no way changes my basic argument that UDC was an irresponsible rip-off of New York State's taxpayers cynically promoted by Nelson Rockefeller in the name of the late Dr. King.

Mary Perot Nichols

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contend that one's judgment is always a somewhat uncertain hypothesis about what one should do, so that one's best-laid schemes may "gang aft agley," and there remains this constant possible source of tragedy. Otherwise, the source of tragedy is not the fact that one cannot do what is best or right, but only the fact that even when one does one is, voluntarily as well as involuntarily, bringing about evil (or loss of a good) or failing to perform an obligation—which is certainly serious enough to warrant the attention Hook gives it. I doubt also that tragedy of this sort is always *moral*. When one chooses between loves, friendships, and vocations, the dilemma may be poignant, and one may make a tragic mistake, but the choice and the tragedy are not necessarily moral ones. It is not even clear that, where the choice is not mistaken, there *is* always tragedy or that one should *see* it as such.

Coming to 3)—it is obvious that pragmatism can have an awareness of the tragedy in life. One may even grant that, in a naturalistic world, a pragmatist should have a tragic sense of life, and also that pragmatism makes it possible "for men to live in a world of inescapable tragedy . . . without lamentation, defiance or make-believe" (p. 22). Hook goes too far, however, when he writes that pragmatism is "grounded in a recognition of the tragic sense of life" (p. 5). Logically, pragmatism is a certain view about meaning and truth (1a, 1b and 1c), and this view is compatible with the world's not containing tragedy in Hook's sense. If pragmatism does have a tragic sense of life, it is because it finds that the world is that way. But the world might be otherwise even if pragmatism is true. What is correct in Hook's statement is that pragmatism would probably not arise in a world without conflicts of the kinds he is concerned about.

William K. Frankena

William K. Frankena is professor of philosophy at the University of Michigan.

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